SPECIAL FEATURES OF INTEREST TO WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN THE LEDGER EVERY WEEK.

CHICAGO LEDGER

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Beware the Sly Traitor!

OUR out-and-out enemies, ruthless and aboveboard, bent on burning, dynamiting and destroying; the sure-enough commissioned and paid spies going about their definite, official business, are real and tangible and readily recognized dangers; menaces that can be dealt with by our own Federal, State and municipal protective machinery—a part of the terrible business of war.

But there is another, and subtler, danger in the whisperers, the apologists, the "Isn't-it-too-bad about this" or "that" tattlers of half lies and twisted truths, busy at their evil work of misrepresenting war conditions and war sentiment—for reasons of their own.

Nibbling and nibbling, boring and boring away, steadily, industriously—like the tiny teredo that eats away the strength of the stalwart, tree trunk piles along our water front—they set themselves to undermining the warm, generous, noble patriotism of a people, to weakening the hands that uphold our Government in this great national crisis that demands our unwavering unity.

Not openly and honestly do they make their attack on our strength—that strength that we need to its utmost to do the task we have, after such long and painful deliberation, set ourselves to do; that task that was not of our own choosing, but, with the anguish of that soul struggle of Gethsemane, accepted by a Nation that could not countenance any alternative.

They would poison with fear and distrust—these whisperers; these nibblers at the foundations of our loyalty. They would paralyze with doubts and questionings. They would render futile our highest, noblest impulses by killing our hopes. They would play upon our tenderest—and our basest—susceptibilities.

They don't come with a clear, open, candid, nervy proposition of disloyalty; they don't poison at once with a lethal dose.

That isn't their way.

But slyly, craftily, with their hypocrisy under the cover of a sympathetic concern, with their murderous purpose wearing the disguise of a deprecatory sorrowfulness, they practice a slow poisoning of their unsuspecting victims.

They affect an ingenuousness by which they would disarm suspicion; they "really don't mean anything" by what they say—Oh! dear; no!

But they administer the toxin with:

"Have you heard this——"
"Do you know that——"
"I'm surprised to discover——"
"Isn't it too bad about——"
"The impression seems to be——"
"What a pity that——"

Nibbling, nibbling at our faith and hope and confidence, striving—with their teredo methods—to break down the supports of our spirit; to tumble our ideals in the mud.

Not actual lies do they peddle; but half-lies and twisted truths, that they seize upon with their vicious cunning and distort into terrifying images.

Being an informal, outspoken, and not excessively reverent people, as far as kotowing to place is concerned, we've been giving our affairs a going over, having a sort of family counsel to see if anything's wrong with the big job we've undertaken, to find out what's wrong, and to work out some way, together, of getting things right.

Some things are wrong—and it's proper to find that out, so they can be remedied.

Making mistakes and correcting them is part of life—for nations as well as individuals.

We're not particularly aghast at revelations of blundering; we're more occupied with repairing the blunders.

But the whisperers, the nibblers, the poisoners——

How they snatch at the faintest hint of criticism! How they laboriously build mountains of lies upon a molehill of fact! How they chant the same falsehood over and over and over again in their effort to hypnotize their hearers into accepting it as truth!

For instance, take the single circumstance of deficiencies in the equipment of our training camps, that have been divulged frankly in order that they may be remedied.

How these whispers have made capital of that—playing upon the natural anxieties of loving women in order to arouse their fears for their men, and, if possible, their opposition to support of our part in the war!

To repeat what they say is a waste of space; and, besides, would be giving it undeserved publicity; but the earmarks of a whisperer, a nibbler, a poisoner, are unmistakable—and, when you find them, if you're faithful to your country, your ideals (and care a hang about the man-in-uniform you have to pray for in this great struggle that we are all involved in), you will do well to look to the motive of the whisperer, nibbler, poisoner; for there are many motives, some personal, some political, some mercenary, that move them to their whispering, nibbling and poisoning; and to know their motives is to defeat their purpose before they commence their operations.

A Remarkable Letter.

INTO the possession of the Ledger has fallen a remarkable letter. It was written by a young man to his mother when he learned he had been picked for the National Army. The letter tells its own story—probably one repeated many times over since the Nation summoned its young men to the colors. It follows:

"Dearest Mother: My name appeared in the first ten, being the tenth on the list. That means that I am selected and will go just as any other man. I have no exemption, nor claim any, and my one request of you is that you do not try to have me exempted. It's not fair to other mothers and sons, and I want to feel that I am willing and waiting to do my duty.

"Mother, dear, you do not seem to realize that you are making it all the harder for me by thinking that I could fail to do my duty for my country when I'm needed. I am not the sole support of the family, so there is no need to figure any other way.

"Life for us all is guided by fate. What is to be will be, so why try and foil fate? It's my fate to be called and, honest, mother dear, I am proud, for I know I will make a good soldier and my only prayer is that I will never be found failing to do my best and as brave as a man can be. I am not saying this off-handed, but have given it considerable thought for some time.

"I can appreciate, dear, just how you feel after raising up your son, but you should be thankful to God that he is able and willing to do his duty. Would you see me a slacker? No, never, I know you wouldn't, and I try to take that heavy load off my heart by trying to feel that you do not feel as you do.

"Now, mother, won't you please do that one thing for me? Do not try to have me exempted and fill my cup with joy by saying you are glad that I can go, and you know I'll do my bit. It's all in a lifetime, and as you know it's the mothers who really have to fight the wars. You are the ones who have the real worry. I realize all this, and, if you will only make up your mind that it is God's will, I am sure you will see things as I do. Worrying will do no good, either, so please say this over to yourself every night, 'It is God's will.' When I saw my name in the paper I did not seem to be at all surprised, for I just figured I was going to be called. With much love, your devoted son, CHARLES."

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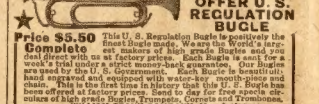

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The Test of Strength

By A. W. Peach

The new "doc" was a slim, hollow-cheeked youngster and the burly men of the woods laughed. But behind the slight form was the heart of a lion, and before he got thru the little "doc" showed them.

WHEN the big "chuck" sled arrived, the men poured out from the bunkhouses to welcome it. It usually brought the belated mail, which formed one reason for a welcome. On this occasion, however, there was another.

A new doctor was to arrive. Old "Doc" McPherson, big and burly, had "gone out," in spite of his own medicine, and Headquarters had sent word that another physician would be sent up immediately. The whole camp had loved "Doc" McPherson, for he was a man after their heart—a fighter of first class; no one had been able to match him in the rough-and-tumble sports; and when it was the real thing and not sport, the Doctor had always been in the thick of it, emerging triumphant.

The astonishment and disgust of the men were a natural result of the immediate comparison they made when they saw a slight figure drop from the great sled and come forward hesitatingly. There was no doubt about it—he was the new "Doc," a slim, hollow-cheeked youngster of about 23. Ferris, the boss of the camp, looked him over from the height of his six feet six, and sadly took him in tow.

In the bunkhouse McNally summed up the feeling of the camp. "The nerve of 'em—send up a little runt like 'im! Why, he don't look as if he could doctor a sore toe!"

The camp was about to begin its winter logging. It was far up the sources of Bow-ow River—one of the wildest parts of the wild section of the State. Disease and accidents were sure to come. An experienced surgeon was a necessity. "Now," as one of the men phrased it, "see what has been wished on us."

Doctor Stewart, thawing out in the warmth of Ferris' cabin, was not any more pleased with the men than they were with him. They were the roughest-looking set he had ever seen and huge! They were giants compared to the city breed of men among whom he had spent his life.

"I'm in for a sweet time," he thought to himself, "or I'm badly mistaken. They didn't look overjoyed to see me. But I haven't much choice." He thought of the quiet words of the city specialist who had confirmed his own suspicions. "Your lungs—that's the trouble. Get out in the open—and stay!"

At the sound of a door opening behind him, Stewart turned and rose in astonishment. A girl, clad in the rough warm costume of the woodsman save that she wore a short skirt, had come in. Her face was rosy with the air and health that was perfect. The strong, firm curves of her figure showed an outdoor training that had brought every muscle to rounded development.

In the brief moment before she spoke, his keen eyes had taken in the details. When she spoke, her even teeth parting between lips whose color was a high evidence of vitality, he realized that he was face to face with a girl he might have dreamed of seeing but never expected to see.

Her greeting was easy. "Doctor Stewart? I am Kathleen Ferris, intrusted with the guardianship of my father, and also responsible for your welcome among us."

He smiled his appreciation. "I hope that you won't feel I am a heavy responsibility."

The formality of meeting over, she busied herself preparing the supper. It was evident that he had been dismissed from her mind without effort, and he made no attempt to enter.

That night, as he lay in his room, pondering the strangeness of his situation and the fact that a girl of her type should be in such a place, he heard her clear voice saying softly:

"Father, do you suppose that young doctor can handle these men? I'm afraid he's in for trouble, and you are, too. I overheard Big Jake saying to some one, 'we're going to run the kid out o' camp.'"

Ferris' voice was irritated as he replied: "Don't say a word! Confound Gregor, anyway. What'd he send such a chap up here for? He knows I've got the toughest crew in the woods on my hands. If it wasn't for Buck Lange I couldn't handle 'em. But it's his lookout. If they maul Stewart, he'll have to go, that's all."

Stewart, listening in the dark of his room, smiled. "She thinks I'm a weakling evidently," he thought, and then irrelevantly, "But she's a beauty!" He turned over, conscious that the ache in his lungs had lessened, and drifted away to sleep.

The next day he inspected the camp, for he was responsible for its sanitation. He saw enough to criticise, but he said nothing until he came to the cook's

With Leveled Gun the Figure Stopped Like a Shadow.

shack. The unholy condition there aroused him. He gave the astonished cook curt directions that made that worthy stare.

"Run along, sonny. I kin look after this—" said the cook, gently.

Stewart sent his fist hard against the broad jaw and the two hundred pounds of cook went over among his cans with a crash.

Bitten short, Stewart's words came: "When you speak to me, call me Mister or Doctor."

He turned back to the cabin, shaking a little with the anger that had stirred him.

He heard nothing of the incident until supper, when Ferris said hesitatingly, "Doctor, I wish you'd go easy with these men. They're a bad lot and get on their ear easy. You handled the cook just right, but the boys are all stirred up, and we might have trouble."

Stewart shifted his glance from Ferris' troubled face to his daughter's, and was surprised to see in her dark eyes a look that puzzled him. Carelessly he answered: "All right, Mr. Ferris, I don't want to make you any more work. I was a little hasty. I'll be careful."

That evening Buck Lange came in, a splendid specimen of physical manhood; and Stewart discovered what he had already guessed that Lange was deeply in love with Kathleen. She, on her part as far as Stewart could tell, gave no sign of any feeling other than friendship for the tall woodsman, but Stewart knew that you never can tell.

He soon had reason to know the state of Lange's heart, for at her father's suggestion Stewart and she went on a wide ranging trip thru the woods, and when they returned, Lange was waiting for them. His eyes were a steel blue, and the glance Stewart received was full of meaning.

On his way back from the bunkhouse where he had gone to see one of the men, Stewart was stopped by Lange. "Doctor, let me give you a friendly hint. Kathleen don't need your friendship. I'll look after her. I wouldn't go on any of them trips again. You might get hurt."

The calm effrontery of the man made Stewart's blood boil; knowing that the test of mastery was not yet at hand, he controlled himself and answered in the same tone that Lange had used: "Let me give you a hint, Lange. I am in the habit of going where and with whom I please. I shall continue to do so. Good night!"

It was only the preliminary skirmish before the real struggle. When that came it would be to a finish, but he did not permit himself to wonder what the outcome might be. He had put his hand to the plow and straight thru it would go.

A few days passed. Preparations for sending out the crews were going on. Incidentally, it may be noted, the cook had cleaned up his shack, in spite of taunts and gibes that Stewart overheard. The cook had a sore jaw, and he was a great eater.

The evening preparations were completed, Stewart sat before the fire in the cabin with Kathleen. He was watching her covertly and thinking thoughts that he knew were not of the kind that make for a restful mind. He had learned much about her since his coming—of her early girlhood in the Maine city, of her coming with her father for the simple and all-sufficient reason that she loved him, of her love for the woods; and he had come to realize that she was a fit mate for any man whose life was cast in the rough places.

He awoke from his reverie to find her dark, steady eyes upon him. No longer was there a lack of interest in them. "Do you know, you have been a surprise to me. I did not think when you first came that you would stay with us very long. And I am glad—glad that you have," she added, in a lower tone.

He looked at her quickly, but her glance was just friendly. He leaned over, suddenly fired by the beauty of her face, his own thoughts, and her nearness to him. "Kathleen, if only you could be more than glad—or glad in another way. You are a beautiful girl and a girl——"

"Wait!" Her breath came quickly. "Don't—talk that way!" Then she smiled, a little wistfully. "I had to reject a proposal this afternoon—and—well, don't! Let's be friends!"

He felt the color in his cheeks. "I'm disgusted with myself. I won't do it again," he promised quietly, in a matter-of-fact way, as he turned to the fire. "But ever since I saw you step in the door that first night I knew you were made to be loved. I wish I were the lucky one. You see I can say these things because I have a pair of lungs that mean I must spend my life in the open—hardly a place for a man to ask a girl to spend hers."

"Yet if a girl loves the open, too——" She did not finish the sentence, but rose and put her hand in his as he rose with her. Her eyes from a level just a little below his own smiled into his. "I think if I were to marry a man, I should want to marry one who loves the woods—and is master of them."

She fled with the swift, graceful step of a forest thing.

He stood a moment by the fire, pondering the hidden meaning in her words. It seemed to him something of a puzzle; that she cared for him he could not doubt, for many times an odd gentleness—wistfulness—had not escaped his trained powers of observation. Something was holding her back—he had not proved his blood! She would not give herself to nor mate with a man whose courage might be in doubt. Her training and her nature, moving in the mysterious ways of instinct, would hold her until the right mate appeared. Lange had evidently proposed to her, and she had been forced to reject him. He was strong, red-blooded—just the mate for her save in mind. What a tangled affair love!

He lifted his head and listened. From the bunkhouse came a low rumble. It died away, and after listening longer and hearing nothing, he turned toward his room.

The heavy darkness of midnight was around him when he awoke suddenly, wondering. His consciousness picked up quickly the deep throaty grumble of human voices in argument. A sudden crash split the night silence.

He grinned as he slid out of his bunk. "There's a hot time brewing in the bunkhouse—a fistic celebration."

There was a sound of movement in the other rooms of the cabin. A light flared and his door was opened, showing Ferris in the motley garb of a man just awakened. His face was white in the sickly upward flare of his lantern.

"Doctor, I guess those two fellows who went thru here this evening left some booze for the men. There'll be h—l to pay if they get started, and I want to calm 'em down. Just wanted to say I'd rather you wouldn't come. If they're excited, they may get after you. You know how they feel."

The door closed.

Stewart slid back into his blankets. "Yes, I know. My appearance on the scene might be the signal for a riot. I hate to miss the party, but not being invited——"

He paused in his comments to himself and listened. Another crash rent the night, and silence followed. Then from a low rumble voices rose in pitch, hoarse, heavy, threatening. It brought back to him another memory—a memory of a night when the fire bells and whistles had called out his company of militia to check a wild riot that had swept thru the city, leaving behind fire and blood—those fire bells in the night! Would he ever forget—that sound like the howls of thousands of wolves—human voices reverting to animal.

A roar filled the night as if thrown thru a door suddenly opened, and high and sharp a voice shrilled, "Soak 'im!"

A dull sound followed, and the roar died.

His tense ear caught the thread of swift steps in Kathleen's room. The door of the cabin slammed.

"Great God! She's going into that den!" Stewart muttered in horror. "Guess I won't wait for an invitation."

It was a matter of a few motions to dress, yank from its holster the heavy automatic he had learned to handle on the pistol range of his company.

The black night swept at him as he threw open the cabin door and went on a run to the din-filled bunkhouse.

Cries burst on his ears as he drew near, "Give it to her!" "Ev'ry cuss gets one!" and faintly underneath it all the cry of a woman in distress, "Oh, Gordon!"

He ripped open the heavy door. With the same motion the blue, ugly gun in his hand spat a sharp whiplike snap.

Lange, with the girl crushed in his huge arms, holding her for each man to kiss, spun around, releasing her, and went over, flopped on his back, and over his distorted face a read stream spread.

The deep, ancient hush of the woods fell with the weight of a blow. Like men changed to stone at a magic word, just where they stood in their frenzy, the rioters stopped, staring with wide eyes at the silent, quiet figure in the doorway whose hand held a thick, darkly shining gun and who shot—to kill! Up thru the liquor-heated brains swept the fear that dates from the crawling things in the muck and slime of eons ago—the fear of death.

Silent, still, but with leveled gun, the figure in the doorway took one swift, gliding step in and stopped like a shadow. The staring men drew back. Another step—and they went back; another—and another, uncovering the outstretched figure of Ferris.

The blue automatic shifted.

"Grace!" In broken, terrified French the whisper came from the huddled group, from some one whose soul went into the word.

The blue automatic dropped. Stewart came to himself. He glanced around. She was leaning against the door, her hand at her throat, her eyes upon him.

He studied the men before him, then said without raising his voice, "You, Red, and you, Lequer, throw all that booze out into the yard. You, Foggi and Martin, take Ferris into the house." He went on giving his orders in a matter-of-fact way, and the men jumped to obey him, staggering a little, but with clearing brains that had but one thought—to obey.

Rapidly he brought order out of disorder, noting meanwhile that Ferris had been merely stunned, that Lange had cut his head in falling over, and that the bullet had gone where it was aimed—into the big woodsman's shoulder—noting, too, and remembering the glance she gave him as she passed on her way to the cabin beside her father, a glance of surrender, the look of a woman who sees her mate.

"I was to be run out of camp," Stewart mused. "I guess I'll run it for a while."

The Family Honor

By Franklin Stringfellow

The dying man grieved over a stain which he had placed upon the family honor, and upon his son he placed the burden of wiping it out.

WORD had gotten about that Jacob Muchbarger was really dying. For twenty years he had had one foot in the grave, so to speak, and now his prospective heirs, those who still had hopes of being mentioned in the will, and a sprinkling of those who merely had mooched in to hear what they could hear, were assembled to witness the burial of the other foot.

It was a sad occasion—for Jacob Muchbarger; none of the rest of them cared a tinker's swearword what happened, just so old Jake passed out properly. They were anxious to hear the will read.

And Jacob suspected as much. Laboriously he raised himself on one elbow; with an awful glare he eyed the expectant throng. "Vultures, every one of you," he shrilled with surprising strength. "Waitin' to pick my bones, ain't ye? Ha, ha, ha!" Then he fell backward with a great rattle in his windpipe, and the bed creaked, and the old clock on the wall struck sixteen times and then stopped—striking, the same way it had been carrying on ever since the old man had taken it apart and fixed it, and the crowd, thinking it had happened, took heart wonderfully.

But it had not happened. Another hour passed, and still the vultures waited. And so on until suppertime had passed without a sign of supper, and the shades of evening had lost themselves in the shadows of night. The "vultures" were hungry, yet they dared not leave. The ones who were certain of mention in the testament were afraid that the amounts might be changed during their absence—sort of revised downward—the ones who were merely hoping were afraid of their names being scratched out altogether if they were not on the spot to protect them in person, while those that expected nothing were afraid to depart thru fear of missing something. So they all stayed, and it grew later and later, and the crowd grew hungrier and hungrier. It was terrible, this suspense. Almost any old time the old man might take it into his head to write a new will—he had written sixteen during the past month—and his lawyer was sitting over there in the corner. They wished that something might happen.

It did. The clock on the wall, the one the old man had fixed, struck four; the hour of midnight was at hand. But the crowd didn't care for that—they were used to climbing around at all hours. What they did mind, tho, was that the clangor had awakened the old man from his stupor; at the fourth stroke he sat bolt upright in his bed. With terror in their hearts, those assembled awaited the words that struggled to his lips. They came. "Durn thet ol' clock. It needs fixin' agin." Then he turned and beckoned his lawyer. And the ones who expected much, paled, the ones who expected anything at all, grew hopeful, and the butinskies were tickled to death they had stayed, hungry or no hungry.

The lawyer came running. Visions of another fee danced before his eyes, visions that promptly died when he reached his client's side. The sick man merely wanted to be "bolstered up so's I kin tell the crowd sumthin'." That he might reach the next world unburdened, he wished to confess his life's secret while yet there was time.

It was a fearsome scene. By the pale, uncertain glimmering of the one small kerosene lamp the old man looked the very incarnation of death itself as, between wheezes, he endeavored to impart the guilty knowledge that had blighted his life for the past forty years.

It was horrible. The old man's saturnine features worked convulsively as he delved into the scenes of the darkened past. His wandering gaze met that of his son, his stalwart son, who had been "edicated" in the agricultural college, but who, in the selection of his dress at least, showed the effects of his education not at all, and he groaned in spirit.

"It's jes' awful," he faltered, gazing around at the startled faces. "It was the fust time I'd ever been down there. A feller named Sipes told me how to git to the Bowery, and the second night I was in town I went there. After the show I met a couple of friendly-like fellers and we went somewheres and had a drink. They seemed like simpletons to me, showin' their money around the way they did—a great big wad of it, and it crossed my mind that mebby if I could drink them both under the table, I might——"

At this point in the tale, the expectant throng were treated to a surprise they never forgot. With a groan of anguish the old man suddenly shrank back. "Throw the gang out, Tawm," he cried appealingly to his son. "I jes' can't tell the rest of it to this here gang of grave-robbers." And that was just what Tom did. He opened wide the front door, and with language unhampered by Christian training, he shooed forth the entire bunch into the midnight glooming. And, altho it was raining hardly at all at the time, they waxed very angry.

Then they—the son and the lawyer—rolled down their sleeves again, bathed their bruised knuckles in the wash basin, and heard the old man out. Cripes! No wonder the old snoozer had been so mean. Such a load of shame as he had carried since that fatal night would have turned an angel into a misanthrope.

Shudderingly the lawyer withdrew to a chair across the room. With bowed head the son hitterly, if silently, upbraided his father for his indiscretion. Ruined! Disgraced! A laughing stock forever!

But one cannot be too hard upon a dying father, you know. Before five minutes had elapsed the son's mind had hearkened back to a play he had attended during his last year at college, and it gave him a precedent to work upon. The son in that play had not only forgiven his darnfool father, but had gotten a hustle on himself and saved the family honor. He would do likewise.

His mind made up, he arose to his full height, placed one hand over where he thought his heart might be, raised the other toward the leaky spot in the ceiling, and—"Father, I forgive thee the shame which thou hast visited upon the good of thy only child, and I swear ter rid our fair name of the unholy stain which has so besmirched our honor!"

He got it a trifle mixed in spots, but the sentiment was there, so what was the difference? The old man brightened up wonderfully. "Ye are a good boy, Tawm," he muttered feebly. "Git my pants."

After many bad words and much fumbling, the father produced a key which he handed to his son. "It's in the bottom of my trunk, the treasure"—he uttered the last word with feeling—"right where it has been for these long years past. Go fetch it."

His bidding was done. With trembling hands Tom laid the treasure upon the center table and unwrapt the many layers which had kept it intact from time's hoary hand. Zounds! Cracky! With bulging eyes the three surveyed the glittering mass. The remainder of the night was spent in maturing plans for the restoration of the family name to its erstwhile purity. After much discussion it was finally agreed upon that Tom should visit New York, taking the treasure with him, in an endeavor to restore it to its rightful owners. Of course he didn't expect to restore it to the same couple who had possessed it in the first place—doubtless they had drank themselves to death many years before—but to some of their descendants. And by the time they had finished with their planning, old Jake had perked up to such an extent that he decided not to die yet a while; in fact he didn't—But wait! Of that later.

So Tom went to New York. That is, he got within fifty miles of the city, but events so transpired that he did not quite make it. And the reason for his change of plans was the very same that has turned back many another victim; he ran afoul a couple of confidence men.

These confidence men were not of the first class. They looked the part too thoroly, which is a bad way for confidence men to look. They were on their way back to the metropolis after a disastrous season among the burgs and hamlets, and as they sat in the smoking car, puffing away at bad cigars, and conversing in whispers, the while keeping wary eyes open for possible sheriffs who might board the train at any stop, everybody gave them a wide berth.

Everybody, that is, but Tom. How was Tom to know that they were bad, bad, citizens? As a babe, unburned, does not fear fire, Tom walked boldly up the aisle and took the seat right across from them. He was dressed in the same rig he would have chosen had he intended plowing the lower lot; overalls, jumper, straw hat—the floppy, droopy kind—brogans a mile too big, and a bunch of healthy looking hair that for want of a cutting, curled fantastically about his ears.

At first the near presence of Tom suggested to the confidence men that maybe he was a detective in disguise, but further minute inspection proved to their satisfaction that he was the genuine article. They would have liked mightily to have become acquainted with him; indeed, their systems just longed for an introduction, but they dolefully decided to let him alone. The happenings of the past several hours had so wrought upon their nerves that they could hardly keep their seats; they would have hated getting caught red-handed.

So Tom was safe—that is to say, he would have been safe had he possessed a lick of sense. And even then—but wait! When Tom boarded the train he carried with him the package of glittering treasure that had disgraced his father's name. When he sat down he balanced it carefully on his knees as if it were a package of eggs. Then he glanced casually across the aisle at his neighbors. "How de do," he saluted them with the bland simplicity of a four-year-old. With mild interest he noted the different points of their dress; their trim pointed mustachios, and the stylish rake to their panama hats. He wondered greatly at their lack of friendliness. Beyond a bare nod of their heads, neither had so much as acknowledged his salutation.

Fifteen minutes later he was still safe; five more and he was not. It would have taken a squad of Pinkertons to have afforded him safety then—and they weren't present. Tom had committed his crowning indiscretion. Out of the tail of his eye one of the confidence men watched him pull forth from his pocket a revolver of generous proportions and lay it carefully on the seat facing him, watched him unfold the many layers of covering with which the package was wrapt, and then—oh my! Could you keep a hungry dog away from meat?

"My Gawd! Be careful!" The confidence man spoke out loud; he couldn't help it. His partner looked also, and nearly died of heart failure. The glittering treasure had been bared of its wrappings, and Tom was examining it with greedy eyes.

When Tom looked up, he surprised them still further with a good-natured grin. With a sweep he removed the revolver from the other seat. "Come over an' have a look," he invited hospitably. "Don't it shine?"

Each confidence man shot a cautious glance the length of the car. They would have accepted the invitation had the car been filled with soldiers, but they felt mightily relieved to discover that none of the trainmen were present. At a bound they were across the aisle and devouring the unusual sight.

"Where'd you get it? Want to sell? Ain't you afraid somebody'll take it away from you?"

Tom answered their questions unhesitatingly. He seemed to enjoy the excitement he had produced.

"It's pap's," he grinned cheerfully. "He's had it forty years, an' I'm takin' it to New York to sell to a jewelryman. Pap says it's wuth ten hundered an' eighty dollars, but I don't know—mebby I'll sell it for ten seventy-five. If anybody tries ter take it away from me, I'll give him what's in this here gun. I reckon he wouldn't travel very fur then."

The confidence men thought so, too. Instantly they changed their plans. "I'll buy it," said one. "I'll buy it," said the other.

Tom looked at them doubtfully. "Wall—if you had the money——" he began.

Simultaneously both men dug down into their pockets. Neither one had the full amount they decided to put in the purchase in partnership. But both sums fell far short of what they needed. A hurried council back. They decided to go into the next car and interest one of their friends in the deal.

One hundred and eighty dollars was all they had between them. Counting this out to Tom with elaborate care and many flourishes, they departed down the aisle in search of their friend. Midway in the car one of them halted, turned, and came slowly back. "I'm ashamed to say it," he said haltingly, "but the fact is, my partner's that suspicious he wouldn't trust his grandmother. He's afraid you're going to run away with the money. Would you mind if I took the package along?"

And—oh, what's the use! Tom handed over the package like the farmer he was, and the men left the coach.

But Tom did not care; he had the one hundred and eighty dollars! While waiting for the men to return he counted it over many times. Also, he arranged his gun handily. If they should——

It was not long before Tom made a discovery that had escaped his notice before. Both men had taken their valises with them. Was it possible——? A wait of fifteen minutes convinced him that it was. They, those well-dressed gentlemen, had cheated him shamefully. Tom felt so bad about it that, strong man that he was, he nearly wept.

At the next stop he quitted the train, paced the platform of a little two by twice station for three solid hours as one bereft of his senses, then took the train back home. His remorse was terrible. Just to think—just to think!

As he entered the room wherein his father lay, human nature could stand it no longer; he burst into a storm of sobs. His father looked astonished. And that was not all; he looked even still more astonished when his son had given him a report of the happenings of the morning.

"Why!" he exclaimed delightedly, "ye did a fine piece o' work, so ye did, sellin' that there gold brick fer one hundered an' eighty dollars. I only paid a hundered for it myself. What ye bawlin' abaout?"

The son mastered his feelings with some effort. "But just think, dad," he wailed. "Them suckers bit so hard an' was so durn easy, I just bet I could have gotten another ten apiece out of them if I had tried real hard. I don't b'leave I got all the cash they had."

Postscript—The old man lived two years longer, and when he did finally die, the event caused neither Tom nor the relatives one single whoop of joy, for, in the meantime, he had married one of those foxy old widows you occasionally read about, and—and after the funeral, there was nothing left to inherit.

He Was Found With the Pistol in His Hand

CIRCUMSTANTIAL evidence pointed to Gideon Gates as the murderer of a man he never had seen or heard of, and the net of the law wound itself about his lawyer and a beautiful girl. The prosecuting attorney and his men were clever and death stared the three of them in the face. All of a sudden Gates recalled a strange machine—the child of his brain, the effort of a lifetime—and had it brought into court. The story is called "The Re-Creating Machine," and it is as unusual as the strange thing of wheels and films and well-nigh human intelligence about which it is written. It will be published in full in the next issue of the Ledger, dated January 26.

The Other Man's Wife

By Margery Land May

Life and love in Paris in the year before the war! What could be more fascinating, more perilous to heart and soul? You will like this story.

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CHAPTER I.

CHAPPIE RODERICK gave a little sigh of satisfaction as he seated himself in his box at the Opera. His fine eyes glistened with keen enjoyment as they took in the fantastic brilliancy of the scene before them—a scene that represented the wealth and aristocracy of Paris at their acme of glory. Women artistically gowned, beautifully made up and coiffured, chatted with the immaculate exquisites and rapier-like young "bloods" that sat at their sides. The orchestra sent forth the first soft strains of the overture from "Manon;" pages in gorgeous livery ushered the crowds of music-loving people to their seats; the avant-foyer and the foyer hummed with the sounds of chatting voices, accompanied by the swish of trailing silks and satins; all was color, perfume, and light, for Paris was forgetting the grave rumors of war that had come to her ears, in the exhilarating excitement of pleasure and its pursuit.

The Opera with its rich decorations of massive gilding, flamboyant scroll-work, and valuable paintings and statues, afforded the needed background to this panorama of handsomely garbed women and elegantly attired men.

Looking at such a scene as this one forgot that pain and poverty existed to mar the beauty and joy of the world. Looking at it, Roderick forgot the five years he had spent in the wildernesses of South America tunneling mountains, building bridges, digging canals, and in other ways overcoming the obstacles that Mother Nature had placed in the path of civilization. He forgot, too, the stabbing heart-wound that had caused him to flee from New York and bury himself in the dangerous calling of the engineer. He was in Paris—wonderful Paris—with her boulevards, her cafes concerts, her cabarets artistiques, her woods, palaces, and beautiful parks. Life at that moment could hold nothing greater for him than just that—to be young, healthy, and rich in Paris.

Tonight, with the jingling tunes he had just heard at the Cafe de Paris humming in his handsome head, his splendid body flushed with the rich wines and foods upon which he had dined, and his whole being thrilled with the excitement and rush of "Gay Paree," Roderick was haunted by no ghosts of the love affair that had sent him headlong into the wilds and thickets of South America.

He was comparatively young—just 34. At his father's recent death he had inherited several millions, and, thru the influence of his uncle, he had been appointed attache to the American Embassy at Paris.

Possessed of wealth, enviable social entree and striking good looks, Chappie Roderick was a bachelor upon whom many an ambitious mamma had cast a desiring and hungry eye, in spite of the fact that he had shunned the society of women of his own set ever since his fiancee, Joan Derwent, had openly broken her engagement with him that she might marry Count de la Cour, a European notable, who was quite willing to exchange his Gothic position in circles of the nobility for a few of the Derwents' vulgar American millions.

Finding no opiate in the wild carousing in which he indulged after Joan's marriage, Roderick had done the unexpected when he forsook civilization and started out to seek forgetfulness in sheer physical labor. Altho it could not be truthfully said that he even blurred out the impish laughter of Joan's eyes or the piquant beauty of her face from his memory, at least he found peace of mind in his heroic battle with the swamps, fevers and reptiles of South American jungles, and, while finding it, won for himself fame as an engineer.

Called back to New York by the illness of his father, he had been persuaded to make a career for himself as a diplomat, and thus it was that he discovered himself, the year before the present war, ready and eager to prove to political America that his brain was as capable of dealing with her international problems as had been his hands to shape her mountains and valleys to the uses of civilization and commerce.

He had determined to forget the bitterness of his disappointment in Joan. He had drunk the poisonous dregs of memory long enough. Before him was mysterious Paris, and in the dimly lit streets and brilliant boulevards of her heart what gifts of the gods might he not find?

It was in the pleasant contemplation of these things that he listened to the beautiful music of the first act of "Manon." As the curtain descended he rose from his seat in the corner box that he had engaged for the operatic season, and started for the foyer. As he was descending the marble steps of the grand stairway he felt a hand on his arm and, turning, met the eyes of John Halifax, a young Englishman whom he had known in New York.

"My dear chap!" Halifax grasped his hand cordially. "This is the deuce of a surprise—to think of old Roderick forsaking his beloved States for Paris! Welcome!"

Roderick smiled warmly. "It's good to see a familiar face. I just arrived a week ago and have been too busy at the Embassy to look up old friends. What do you say to a liqueur?"

"At the moment I am hastening to meet that most exquisite of aperatifs—a beautiful woman. Come with me—you will need to know many members of that charming sex if you are to know and enjoy Paris. I promise that in this instance you will not be disappointed."

Laughing and talking, the two friends made their way to the foyer, and threading a passage thru the crowds came to a group of men and women who were standing to one side. Halifax approached them with a low bow.

"I have here," he said, signaling out a slim, violet-gowned woman from the others, "a poor, lonesome American chap. Countess de la Cour, permit me to present Mr. Chapman Roderick."

Roderick turned pale as he gazed into the eyes of the girl whom he had loved and, as he thought, forgotten. Controlling himself superbly he bowed low over the gloved hand extended to him.

"Monsieur Roderick and I have met before," said Joan softly, a smile lighting up her face with rare beauty. "In fact, one might say that we are old friends, n'est-ce pas?"

Roderick smiled coldly. "Yes, quite old friends, one might say," he answered, and then turned to meet the other members of the party. Finally, however, as tho drawn to her side by a magnet, he bent over Joan again, his heart pounding fiercely as if it would beat its way thru his flesh. Again he felt the old burning passion consuming him, and with an inward groan knew that his love for Joan was bursting into flame once more.

"You are still beautiful," he whispered huskily. "Are you as happy as you are lovely?"

She gave a characteristic graceful shrug of her shoulders. "One cannot expect much happiness from life," she replied, a little wearily.

"But from love?" His blue eyes flashed meaningly at her.

"You speak of unknown things, Chappie. Why not be a bore and say, 'I told you so'?" Her voice was sharp, and sinking on a settee beside the wall she motioned him to her side.

"Is it as bad as that, little girl? Isn't your noble appendage the adoring French lover any more? I thought that Frenchmen always made such ideal husbands."

"Oh, Henri is all right in small doses. One tires, however, of the same wine." She waved suggestively at the group of men who were standing near her hoping to get a word with her during the entr'acte.

He caught her meaning, and flashed her that fascinating smile of his that she had always loved—that smile that showed his fine, white teeth.

"So you mix your vintages—I am beginning to think that mixtures are good things, after all." His voice sank. "Perhaps I would have been better off had I not been faithful so long to just one form of intoxication—namely, you."

He glanced about him with an appraising eye, and then gave a little gasp of admiration as his gaze rested on the figure of a young girl clad in a billowy dress that seemed to envelop her in a cloud of sea-foam and mist. Her face was like a rose petal that has been carved with the exquisite touch of a master hand. Like rays of coppery gold her hair fell in soft curls on her brow, and in her eyes were the purple hearts of violets.

"Who is she?" Roderick demanded interestedly. "Some young dryad flitting on the scene for a moment in all her pristine freshness and youth——"

Joan laughed a little harshly, her pride hurt that this man who had once been so utterly hers should notice another woman than herself.

"No, nothing so romantic as that—Monsieur Poet. She is quite as much flesh and blood as the rest of us. In fact, she is Henri's niece and lives with us. Bijou Johns is her name. Her mother was Henri's sister and married an American. Since the death of her parents the child has lived with us. Really," she said generously, "she's a darling child—naive, innocent and quite the little angel. I shock her terribly with my adoring ducklings, and she thinks Henri's affairs unspeakably common—but then she is such a child—she has a lot to learn."

Roderick turned his eyes away from the charming picture of Bijou Johns, and rested them on the face of the woman at his side, and under the magnetic influence of her olive-skinned loveliness instantly forgot the younger woman. He leaned toward her, his breath coming short.

"I often wonder whether it is youth that needs knowledge, or age that needs ignorance of the knowledge that it has acquired—but why philosophize when one is alive and in Paris?"

"Are you to be here long?" she asked eagerly, thinking that a continuation of her former affair with this handsome, blond American would be an exhilarating pastime for the winter. There was something virile, something ruggedly masculine beneath Roderick's poise and savoir faire that had always thrilled her, and now, after five years, she found his keen blue eyes, his sleek mop of sunny hair, his mobile mouth, and his splendid breadth and height still appealing to her. In fact, he seemed to have acquired some of the mystery and the unfathomable charm that were a part of the vast wilderness that had housed him during the last five years.

"I hope so," he answered her question. "I am with the American Embassy, and trust that I may prove worthy of my post. I am stopping at the Ritz. Shall I see you much—or do your other ducklings monopolize your time?"

He felt a sudden desire to know again the touch of her velvet lips and the clinging sweetness of her arms. As he gazed at her memories stung him poignantly, and he could not choke back the words: "Seeing you brings back things that I would like to forget."

Before she could answer him a bell sounded to let those who were gathered in the foyer know that the curtain was about to go up on the second act of "Manon." At this signal Joan and Roderick rose from their seats, and as they did so were approached by a man whose dark features proclaimed him a Latin.

"This is my very good friend, Monsieur Felipe Fernandez, Mr. Roderick."

She cast the Spaniard an arch glance as she made the introduction. Fernandez bowed to Roderick with cold politeness, as if already sensing him to be a rival, and bent over Joan with ardent attention. The latter extended her hand to the American.

"We shall see each other again, I hope," she said sweetly. "I want you and M. Fernandez to be the best of friends," she added, well knowing that she spoke vain words.

The two men exchanged steely glances, and Roderick, unreasonably incensed to see the woman he loved clinging to the arm of one whom he instinctively knew to be a rival for her attention, lifted her hand to his lips and replied graciously:

"What a beautiful woman desires is usually granted her." He turned toward Fernandez. "We will drink later to our better acquaintanceship, monsieur, I hope." Then, fixing his eyes on Joan, he added softly, as if dismissing the pres-

He Bent Over Joan de la Cour Again, His Heart Pounding Fiercely.

He Knew That His Love Was Bursting Into Flame Once More.

ence of any third party?" You and I, Joan, need no cup or wineglass in which to pledge what is already an intimacy of old standing. Au revoir!" And with another low bow he left her and hurried to his box.

CHAPTER II.

THE next day was a busy one for Roderick, occupied as he was by his duties at the Embassy. Filled as he was with the conflicting emotions that the sight of Joan had awakened in him, he found it difficult to devote his attention to the business at hand, and so at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, he jumped into his racer, and sped over to the Boulevard de la Madeleine that he might indulge in a quiet smoke, a highball and his daydreams in a secluded corner of his club, the Cercle de l'Union. He had left Joan without ascertaining her address, for she was enough for him to look him up at his hotel, and just when would he be allowed to satisfy his hunger of heart by gazing at her and talking with her again, he wondered? Who was this dashing Spaniard, and just what place did he hold in the vacillating affections of the beautiful young Countess? The fellow had seemed jealously adoring the night before at the Opera.

Roderick was ashamed of the rancor that arose within him when he thought of Fernandez, and his attitude of proprietorship towards Joan. Well, at least he had this advantage over him—the memories of those sweet moonlight nights when he had held the girl to his heart and drained the sweet poison of her lips. For Roderick did not fool himself into believing that the passion that Joan awakened in men was a wholesome one— in fact, he recognized her personality as a destructive one—one that made her adorers willing to be devastated could they but possess her for a moment. But it was this very element of danger that made loving her exquisite in its pain and joy.

As he sat in his club drinking his whisky-and-soda, he squared his jaw, and that fighting look came into his eyes—that look of almost brutal determination that had made the savages fear and obey him in those jungle lands where sheer will power was his only weapon of defense. Yes, he decided, he would taste again the delicious happiness of loving Joan, but this time she was the one who would be sapped of her heart-energy, not he. In those old days he had been the humble supplicant begging for her caress, but now the dominant male arose within, and he knew that he would take an antediluvian joy in conquering her proud spirit as she had once conquered his. He would love her ruthlessly, little tigress that she was, and she, not he, would be scarred, if the time for parting ever came again.

A panorama of pictures floated enchantingly before him—Joan, slim, lithe, and willowy, lifting her lips to his under the hibiscus trees of the Hawaiian Isles; Joan, white and glistening lying outstretched in her wet bathing suit on the deck of the yacht in which he and she, with a party of friends, had taken that never-to-be-forgotten cruise to the West Indies; Joan, dashing, and correct in her white sport clothes; Joan clinging to him timorously on board ship when a nasty gale had brought all the cruisers from their cabins out of a sound sleep.

As he thought of these things his mood softened. He was no longer the cave-man lusting to bring tears to the eyes of the woman who had brought so many to his, but a big-hearted American gentleman reverently and tenderly in love with sweetheart and wife of his youth, who knew not the value either of reverence or tenderness, and prized those high qualities not at all. He was awakened from his daydreams by a page bringing a telephone call to his chair.

"A call for Monsieur Roderick," the garcon announced with a bow. Roderick tipped him and picked up the receiver, his pulses beating faster as the sweet cadence of Joan's voice came to him across the wires.

"What do you mean, Chappie, by burying yourself in your smoky old club when a charming damsel is quite famished for tea—with you?" she asked, with pretended petulance. He laughed boyishly.

"What do you mean by not calling on your knight errant for succor sooner? Where shall we take our amber refreshment—at the Ritz, in the Bois—or where?"

"Neither of those places—at Rumpelmayer's, of course. If you wish to be fashionable you must be seen at the tea-rooms that are vogue and Rumpelmayer's hold that distinction now."

"And my Joan is always fashionable, eh? Very well, Madame la Comtesse. I have a nice little Rolls-Royce racer. Shall I come and get you?" he asked banteringly.

"Oh, no, no need of that. I am in the Rue de la Paix spending some American eagles on gowns that I may be more beautiful to your eyes. I will meet you at the tea-room in a half-hour."

"And I shall be there—in a half-hour." And with that he hung up the receiver.

But when Roderick arrived in the Rue de Rivoli at the appointed time, Joan was not to be found in the tea-room. Sitting himself at a table, he determined to wait for her, remembering from past experience, that punctuality was not one of her virtues. He had been waiting about fifteen minutes when he heard a woman's voice at his elbow, and, glancing up met the amused eyes of the girl whom he had been told was Bijou Johns. Rising, he held a chair for her.

"I can see by the agonized expression on your face that I am not the lady for whom you are waiting," she laughed, with caroling sweetness. "But since you cannot have the High Priestess, you may as well be contented to sip tea with her envoi. Monsieur Chappie Roderick allow me to present Mademoiselle Bijou Johns." She placed her little gloved hand in his. "Aunt Joan has suddenly decided that the Pavillon de la Cascade and not Rumpelmayer's is the most fashionable place for tea, and has sent me to amuse you if I can, while she amuses herself elsewhere."

Swallowing his chagrin, Roderick made her a low bow.

"At least the Countess does not leave me comfortless," he returned gallantly. "In fact, I might say that I am quite the gainer because of her decision." With a smile he beckoned the waiter, gave their order for an aperatif and pastry. Then he leaned toward the girl, unaware of the dark frown that had fixed itself on his brow.

"Did the Countess de la Cour tell you I inquired the identity of the slim dryad that floated upon my vision in the foyer of the Opera last night?"

The soft violet eyes brooded into his, and the delicate mouth quivered into a pitying smile. "Poor American! He is trying so hard to be gallant, and he is so apparently jealous, isn't he?"

Roderick was vexed that she should so aptly read his thoughts, but replied lightly: "I can see no reason for any man being jealous of a woman who has sent him such an adorable substitute. I think, Miss Johns, that you are appropriately named—Bijou—jewel without price."

She blushed rosily and then after a silence remarked a bit wearily: "How beautiful it would be if the pretty speeches that you men make only came from the heart. I would rather you were my friend than my flatterer."

Touched by her candor, he reached out his hand and gave hers a little squeeze as she placed it in his. "I will indeed be your friend, my child, but it is hard to be the friend of one so lovely without being her flattering admirer also. We engineers learn to speak the truth in the awesome loneliness of the mountains." He spoke gravely and with a touch of pathos that filled the girl's eyes with dewy tears.

"Have you been lonely, too?" she asked sympathetically.

"Yes," he answered simply. "Sometimes I have been very lonely."

"They say," she remarked, with seeming irrelevancy, "that love is an antidote for loneliness." She gazed at him keenly.

"But they say wrong," he said quickly, "for heart hunger often has its birth in love." He gave a shrug of his fine shoulders and laughed lightly. "But what right have we to indulge in gloomy platitudes when we are young and in Paris." He lifted his glass. "To the violets in your eyes, Little Jewel!"

"And to the hunger in your heart!" she answered quickly.

As they chatted banteringly of life and love, Roderick was surprised to find himself interested and entertained by the girl. He sensed in her a sweetness of spirit that he had never found in Joan—a maternal tenderness that he always yearned to discover in the woman to whom he devoted his heart for so many long and weary years. As he drank in the youthful loveliness of Bijou in her stunning little suit of black trimmed with fur, his thoughts took a sentimental turn. This was the type of woman, beautiful, gentle, and unselfish into whose hands, little and white as they were, a man might safely intrust his life's happiness, secure in her love and sure of her never-failing sympathy.

Possessed of almost feminine intuitions, Roderick was quick to note that in the full curve of her lips, the brilliant flashes of her eyes and the slim yet rounded contour of her body, were subtle hints of the rose that was to blossom under the touch of passion from this virgin bud. That she was capable of deep emotion, he guessed instinctively, and as this thought came to him he was filled with grave concern lest some rude masculine hand, not appreciating the indwelling spirituality of the girl, awaken her brutally to her beautiful womanhood and the promise it held out.

Under the cover of their light chatter he watched her every expression with a connoisseur's eye, for Roderick, tho his love had been given unreservedly into the keeping of Joan Derwent, had gone the wild way of men, and had drunk deep of all the sensations of life. Handsome, dashing, possessed of a great fascination of personality, he had found the flowers of love growing in all the paths where his feet had trod, and being educated by his father in a code of morals that were as inconsequent as they were charming, had never hesitated to pluck these blossoms when the desire for excitement and adventure prompted him to do so. It was because of this educative experience in woman-lore that Roderick, in a half-hour's conversation with Bijou Johns, could sense and analyze the essential elements of her make-up.

At last, when hunger no longer gave them an excuse for lingering at Rumpelmayer's, Roderick suggested a spin in the Bois de Boulogne, to which Bijou eagerly assented, attracted as she was by this, dominant, aggressive American, with his ready repartee, his poise of manner, and his debonair good looks.

Darting from the Boulevard de la Madeleine, Roderick sped his car to the Avenue des Champs Elysees thru Rue Royale, and making his way thru the Arc de Triomphe approached the Bois by the Avenue de la Armee, entering it thru Porte Maillot. After touring the park that they might get a glimpse of its cascades, race-tracks, lakes, and flower-fringed promenades, Roderick suggested that they alight at the Les Acacias and take a turn on the ice. As it was nearing dusk there were few skaters there besides themselves, and charmed as he already was with her fresh beauty and her merry wit, Roderick felt himself growing more and more interested in Bijou, as hand and hand they glided, like graceful winging birds, on the smooth surface of the frozen lake.

To his surprise, he found himself forgetting his disappointment in Joan for breaking her engagement for tea with him, and congratulating himself on the "bonne chance" that had sent him so delightful a companion with whom to while away the hours of that winter afternoon.

When the crisp winds had stung fire into their blood, and in so doing had made them hungry and thirsty, again they took off their skates and crossed over to that unique little Swiss cafe, the Chalet des Iles, which is situated in the center of Lac Inferieur. They had hardly seated themselves at their table when they heard a laughing voice behind them, and turned to see Joan accompanied by Fernandez approaching them. She was a rosy picture of loveliness in her fox furs that blended so harmoniously with her olive-skin, and her pansy eyes soft with the flickering colors of yellow and brown. Roderick stiffened at the sight of her, so alluring, so absolutely the woman of the world, sure of herself and her power over others. She came up to them, the Spanlard following close behind, with that sinuous grace of stride that was characteristic of her.

"So you children have been skating, too? Felipe and I saw you at the Skating Club and tried to attract your attention, but," her voice drawled, "you were so very much absorbed in each other—quite a sentimental-looking pair." She laid her slim hand on Roderick's arm, and furious tho he was with her, her touch thrilled him and sent the blood rushing to his face. He managed to smile and cast an adoring glance at Bijou which he did not mean, but which caused the heart of the younger woman to beat a little wildly. Was she falling in love with the American, she wondered?

"Can you blame me for being absorbed," he asked enthusiastically, "when in the presence of such a piquant little demoiselle?"

Joan frowned slightly and then laughed merrily. "Oh, la, la Chappie! How you do flirt! Don't trust him, Bijou; he is nothing but a male Lorelei." She turned to him again. "By the way I owe you an apology. I met Felipe in the Rue de la Paix, and he insisted that I had promised him this afternoon—and you know how ferocious these Spaniards are when they are crossed! Really, they strike terror into my heart!" She shivered and linked her arm in that of Fernandez, who was at the moment devoting his attentions to Bijou.

Roderick's voice was chilly as he answered: "Indeed, you owe me no apology, but rather I owe you many thanks, for but for you I would not have spent so enjoyable an afternoon."

"Piqued, cheri?" Joan whispered to him, with a lift of her brows. "Don't assume that North Pole attitude toward me for if you do I shall have to melt it with the warmth of my furs—or my love."

Roderick squared his jaw and glared at her angrily. "My God, Joan, there is not a sincere bone in your beautiful body!—What a damnable little flirt you are!"

She squeezed his arm. "Hush! Be nice and say that you will take pity on a poor widowed wife whose husband has run away to London and left her to dine alone. Come to the house and let us have a little supper for two."

"Certainly not—I refuse to become one of your ministering and adoring ducklings," he replied gruffly. "I shall not come."

She cast him an arch glance. "Ah, but you will!" and Roderick, cursing himself and her, knew that he would.

Thus it was that at 9 o'clock that evening he and Joan were sitting cozily before a fire in her artistic little den, in her home on the Boulevard de Courcelles, intermittently smoking and mincing at bonbons.

"Your niece," he remarked, in the course of the conversation, "is indeed worthy of her name—Bijou—little jewel. Watch her carefully Joan, lest some roue disillusion her ideas of love and of life."

Joan threw back her head and laughed amusedly. "Don't be fatherly, Chappie, at your youthful age! Paternalism does not sit well on your handsome Anglo-Saxon brow!"

He turned on her impatiently. "What a nasty little tigress you are, Joan! Sometimes I believe that I hate you."

She moved nearer him and whispered softly, resting one beautiful hand on his knee. "And sometimes I know that I love—you."

He gave a gasp. "Joan, my darling!" he cried, and clasped her roughly to his heart.

CHAPTER III.

THE days that followed were mad, delicious delirium to Roderick, for once again he knew the velvet softness of Joan's lips on his, and the clinging sweetness of her arms about his neck. Life had again dissolved itself into one long dream of Joan—Joan riding beside him on horse-back in the Bois; Joan cheering the horses on at Longchamps and Auteil; Joan swinging lithely at

(Continued on Page 18.)

WHEN I GAVE MY DADDY

When I gave my Daddy, when he said good-by,
He kissed my curls and smoothed my brow
And tipped my chin up high
And smiled at me so cheerfully
I never thought to cry.

When I gave my Daddy, I thought he'd speak of war
And the brave things the soldiers do
And what they're fighting for,
But all he told me was, "You're like
Your mother, more and more!"

When I gave my Daddy, as he went that day
He waved his hand and called to me.
"Be good while I'm away!"
And those were really all the things
My Daddy had to say.

When I gave my Daddy, my mother never said
A single, single word until
She kissed me in my bed,
But then she cried out Daddy's name
And pointed overhead.

When I gave my Daddy, when he said good-by
And smiled at me so cheerfully
And tipped my chin up high
You'd never, never think that he
Had gone—perhaps to die.

—ROLAND RATHBONE.

The Poppy Seed Puzzle

By Robert Carlton Brown

About two little poppy seeds and a trained canary centered the solution of a great bank robbery which Christopher Poe, banker-detective, undertook to clear up.

THE big Trader's National of New Orleans transacts its business in a great brown-stone edifice, as impenetrable as Gibraltar. The bank never has even been threatened with a break and only once has it suffered any loss of actual cash. That happened one Saturday afternoon, just ten minutes before the one o'clock closing hour, when the building was so jammed with customers cashing checks for weekly pay rolls, and transacting the usual week-end business, that the man who secured a neat little package of twenty one thousand dollar bills and shot at Paying Teller Jackson, escaped in the crowd undetected.

It happened like this: Jackson had his desk piled high with money for the regular Saturday distribution; among the moneys he had taken from the safe that morning to last thru the day was the thin package of thousand dollar bills, which he held in readiness for the convenience of a prominent Spanish shipowner who wanted gold certificates of large denomination with which to transact a foreign deal.

Jackson, in arranging his money that morning, had put the bundle of big bills at the extreme left of his desk and its working during the busy morning hours it had gradually been pushed close up against the narrow strong steel grating surrounding his cage and protecting him perfectly from the usual attempts of sneak thieves. As Jackson picked up the bunch several times, mistaking it for a package of hundred dollar bills, he finally clapped the gold certificates down on top of his thin safe box out of the way and immediately forgot them until ten minutes of one, when his trained eye was suddenly attracted to the top of that box by a quick movement. The bills were there, safe. At that moment he heard a low whisper which sounded like the word "General!" The paying teller was about to reach for the bills, to put them in a safer place, when a shot blazed out, not two feet in front of him, a bullet nipped his hand and he drew it back sharply with a twinge of pain, leaped off his stool and scanned the surprised, frightened faces of his customers outside the bars. The line had been broken up by the effect of the shot and it was impossible to tell which of four or five men might have pulled the trigger.

Jackson's eyes returned mechanically to the bunch of bills for which he had reached.

They were gone.

Twenty one thousand dollar bills stolen while the paying teller's eyes were off his money for a confused instant.

The two bank detectives and the doorman had drawn their revolvers at the sound of the shot and rushed to protect the doors, but before they could reach them several alarmed customers had dashed into the street, and probably the bank sneak among them.

The president rushed out of his room in front, pushed his way thru the panicky crowd, cried to the detectives, "Lock those doors!" and stopped in front of the chief teller's window.

"What was it, Jackson?" he cried.

"Twenty thousand dollars!"

"How'd it go?" demanded the president, horrified.

"Must have been a sneak, but I didn't see a false move; the shot startled me; when I looked up I couldn't make out who did it."

"Did you see anything suspicious, any of you?" cried the president, turning to the room full of customers.

A wiry little Southern gentleman, a well-known cotton merchant, stepped up, tugged at his tobacco-yellowed mustache and remarked, "I was standin', suh, next in line beside the teller's window and the bullet must have come as close to me, suh, as the one that grazed my elbow at Pickett's charge, but it's my opinion, suh, tho there was a powahful explosion, that the shot was fired from the street or the door, by Gad, suh."

"Couldn't have been!" cut in the very Spanish merchant for whom Jackson had provided the bills. "I was standing right behind this man and the gun goes off right behind me, the shot sounded boom! right in my ear."

"That's strange," answered the president, glancing at the Spaniard's broad hand, his check for the twenty thousand dollars trembling slightly between a thick thumb and forefinger. "Looks as tho the powder singed you. What's that on your hand, Gonzales?"

The merchant glanced at a big black splotch on the back of his hand. "That's—that's—well, maybe the powder did burn me. Didn't I tell you it was close?"

"And who stood behind you in the line, Mr. Gonzales?" came the quick question.

The merchant dropped his eyes, confused. "I don't know; it looked like Mr. Reilly's clerk there," he stammered.

The young man in question, who had come to cash a check for his employer's pay roll, flushed and said he guessed he was behind Gonzales, tho he couldn't remember; he hadn't noticed, everything had happened so quickly.

As a necessary precaution, every man in the bank submitted to a search before the big outside doors were unlocked, and even then the president asked Jackson, Gonzales and Mr. Reilly's clerk to confer with him in his office.

The conference developed nothing of importance, but it gave time for the two bank detectives to station themselves outside at a suggestion from the bank president, and when Gonzales and the clerk left the building their trails were diligently taken up by the soft-footed pair lying in wait.

President Farley no sooner had dismissed them than he drew his desk phone to a handy position, called up the Grunewald and asked for Christopher Poe. When a businesslike voice came in reply Farley continued: "Glad you haven't left town. We've had a little theft over here and I'm hoping that your banking experience in New York may have covered something similar, by which we may profit."

"I'll be glad to help you out if I can," answered Poe, concealing with difficulty his keen interest in every sort of bank robbery puzzle, the unraveling of which he allowed to occupy more of his time than his prosaic duties in connection with large banking interests in the East.

In ten minutes he had reached the Trader's National. Having listened to a brief review of the few facts known, Poe rose, passed his smooth, firm hand thru his upstanding tousled brown hair in a movement habitual with him and remarked, "Really, I can't recall anything in my experience to fit the case. It is evident the usual bank-sneak's method has not been used. Have you looked for what the detectives call a clew?"

"There's nothing to go by but the bullet hole in the ceiling; it seems that the cartridge went almost straight up after it nipped Jackson's hand."

"That rather conflicts with the statement of the depositor nearest the window who thought the bullet was fired from the front door," observed Poe.

"How?"

Poe smiled as he stepped into the corridor in front of the chief paying teller's cage, located the bullet mark in the ceiling, pointed to it and asked, "How could a bullet shot from the door strike the teller's hand and then go straight up and lodge in the ceiling almost over his head?"

"It couldn't. Of course it couldn't," answered the banker promptly. "We have at least established the fact that the revolver was discharged from a point close to the grating——"

"And purposely pointed upward, I should say," put in Poe, as Jackson came forward with a flattened mass of lead in his hand.

Christopher Poe merely glanced at the bit of lead, nodded his head curtly and asked a porter to pull aside one of the big window blinds, which had been drawn down after the robbery. The path of light that entered made bright the teller's window and the floor all about it. Christopher Poe carefully pulled up his immaculate trousers, knelt on the marble floor and examined the cracks where the stones joined. Finding nothing, he continued his search in the crevice where a marble ledge joined the three-foot wall inclosing the teller's cage. Taking a quill toothpick from his pocket he ran it along the crack.

"What on earth are you looking for?" asked the president, interested.

"Anything," answered Poe promptly, looking up. "I've heard that most detectives look everywhere for that elusive clew which makes it all come out right in the end. It doesn't seem to be a half bad idea either. Look! Here's something," his quill had dislodged two small shiny objects, perfectly round. He carefully pushed them onto his palm, held them close to his eyes and studied them for half a minute.

"What are they?" asked the bank president.

"Seeds," answered Poe.

"Seeds?" That's a funny place for them. The porter does his work well. They couldn't have been there long."

"Not over half an hour," answered Poe confidently.

"Can you make out what kind of seeds they are?"

"Yes—they're from a variety of poppy, the blue maw poppy seed, I should say," he answered, brushing them off his palm and dusting his hands together.

"But why don't you save them?" cried the bank officer.

Poe did not hear. He had turned quickly to Jackson and asked in a low voice so the curious clerks all about the room, tryin' to look unconcerned, could not hear, "What was the word you thought you heard whispered an instant before the shot blazed out?"

"It was just a murmur, I don't know how I happened to catch it. I'm pretty sure somebody called 'General' in a very low tone."

"Strange, wasn't it?" mused Poe, deep lines appearing in his face as he thrust his hands into his pockets.

"I thought so, yes, sir."

Poe had turned to President Farley. "Guess that's all there is to see," he said lightly. "I'm much obliged to you for asking me to help, I'm glad you thought I'd be interested. I'll ring you up if I stumble on anything of importance."

"Tell me about those poppy seeds? What is the significance of them? How'd you know what kind they were? I thought you were just a dusty old banker like the rest of us, except with a great deal wider experience."

"Oh, there's nothing much to say about these poppy seeds; you know yourself that opium is made of almost every variety of poppy seeds."

"And I know a little of the class that uses opium." said President Farley shrewdly.

"Then use your imagination," answered Poe curtly. "Can I find you at your home if I should call up tonight?"

"Yes. I'll stay home specially."

"All right. Good day."

Christopher Poe whisked out of the office, stepped deliberately on the toe of a police detective trying to conceal himself in a corner between two buildings, said, "Oh, pardon me," and hurried on; the clumsy sleuth staring after him belligerently, inclined to follow Poe as a sure suspect.

Poe went straight down Canal to Bourbon street and there turned in to the office of a criminal lawyer who occupied the whole floor above a rambling old antique shop.

"Gerry," he said when he was admitted to the lawyer's private room, "you come nearer to being a professional day and night prowler than anybody else I know in this town. I wonder if you couldn't give me a few addresses of your disreputable friends down around the French market, a Spaniard or two around Ursulines street, say; or a traveling gypsy or two that may have worked his way over in some freight boat or other."

"What do you want of 'em, Chris?" asked the lawyer who, like most of the banker's good friends, never suspected that his interest in criminology went farther than a superficial study of it thru books.

"Oh, I'd like to get hold of a clever fortune teller, a man preferably."

"Why don't you go to a medium?"

"That's a good suggestion, but it wouldn't work in this case. I want to get hold of anybody you know connected with the fortune telling business."

"I don't believe there's anybody in the business regularly. There's a little demand for them once in a while at Mardi Gras time. But there's Mike Mayo, lives down on Ursulines; I'll give you a card to him, don't know why they call him Mike, he's a Spaniard. He comes in touch with all sorts of mountebanks, gypsys and people working all kinds of grafts."

"Good! That's just the fellow I want."

Fifteen minutes later Christopher Poe, having stopped at haberdashers to buy and don a vest and necktie of loud pattern, pushed open the door to Mike Mayo's office and in a tone much louder than his usual one introduced himself, not troubling to use the card given him by the lawyer. "I'm Hardy, got a couple of shows at Coney; down here on business, heard of you, thought I'd drop in 'fore I went back an' see if you had any attraction fit to take back to help in the big noise."

"I don't know if I have anybody to suit you," drawled Mayo, "but I have

"Oh, Come On, I'll Bet Your Bird's Not Too Sick to Perform for a Dollar."

several clever performers, who work cheap."

"No, I mean something a bit unusual. As a matter of fact, Mayo," said Poe, producing a festive-banded cigar he had bought purposely, "I want somethin' pretty good. Unusual, you know. I got a kind of an idea to fix up a fake fortune tellin' stunt, sort of an innovation, you know. Got anybody that's darn clever with the cards?"

Mayo thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets, pursed his lips, pulled down his brow in weighty thought, thumbed thru a stocky musicians's union directory on his desk and pretended to be taking under serious consideration just which of the great attractions he controlled would be best suited to a manager of this caliber.

At length he said profoundly, "At present I have nothing but two sweet, pretty girls with tambourines and dances and fortune telling with holding hands; a crazy old man with quick-hand tricks and fortune telling parrakeets that pick out the cards already printed; a young boy from Malaga who sees things before they come, by the stars, and plays the violin, and an old witch woman who tells it all from the cards."

"Ain't you got more than that?" asked Poe in the contemptuous tone of a displeased amusement magnate.

"The boy is clever; he plays the violin, invents things and tells fortunes by the stars," Mayo said somewhat sullenly.

"Oh, I might take his address along with the rest, but it ain't so much of a lay-out as I expected," said Poe in painstaking vernacular.

The little Spaniard hastened to write out the addresses for him, and Poe had no sooner left the pompous little fellow's office than he shot straight for the first address printed on the card, that of the old fortune-telling faker with the sleight-of-hand tricks.

It was 3 o'clock as Poe climbed two flights of rickety stairs leading up thru a smelly courtyard behind a French restaurant on Decatur street and knocked on the door of the room he had learned downstairs was occupied by the man he wished to see.

No answer came. Poe struck a match, for the entryway was dark, and found that the door of the room was securely fastened by a great heavy padlock.

A slight smile flickered in his smooth face as he drew out a compact little pearl-handled pocket knife, opened a button-hook blade, inserted it in the keyhole, turned it twice to the left with a dextrous twist, found the spring, pressed it back, sprang the lock and entered.

Inside was a nasty, damp room, with no ventilation but that which came thru a broken pane in the tiny window cut into small squares by weather-beaten strips. There was a disreputable old charcoal burner sitting in the fireplace, the dusty bricks of which were splotched with remains of eggs, meat, tomato paste and fruit skins. A bundle of rags in the darkest corner raised from the floor on the four wabbly legs of a broken-spirited cot and serving as a bed was strewn with dirty newspapers, a few articles of old clothing and some mussy little many-colored fortune-telling cards. Poe glanced around, made a careful search thru the miscellaneous food supply in an old macaroni box, took a sample of the contents of a big bag in the box, examined the sample by the scanty light seeping in thru the dusty window, smiled again, dropped it into his pocket and began a painstaking scrutiny of everything in the small room.

At length he came to a pair of old Spanish boots with thin red morocco tops. He struck a match, examined the floor about the shoes and picked up a handful of leather scrapings and bits of thread. Having finished his examination, he hurried out, locked the door, went downstairs and hunted up the proprietor of the restaurant.

"Was the General with the old man when he went out today?" he asked.

"Yes, of course," answered the restaurant-keeper.

"Know where I can find them?"

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and replied, "Most anywhere."

Christopher Poe walked up Decatur street until he reached Canal, keeping a sharp lookout for the sleight-of-hand faker with his fortune-telling parrakeets.

As he came to the foot of Canal street Poe observed a group about a man standing in front of the Bells of the Bends boat landing; he strolled over and stood looking on idly as a bevy of giggling girls clustered about a wrinkled little old Spaniard, dressed in a greenish-black suit, tall boots with faded red morocco tops, and an odd old felt hat. His smile was warm and sunny as he petted his long-tailed parrots perched above a box of smudged, many-colored fortune-telling cards on a portable stand, and invited the girls to step up, lay a nickel in his wrinkled hand and have one of the pretty birds pick out an envelope for them, containing a card on which they would find their fortunes printed, together with the picture of the man they would marry and the numbers they should play in lottery.

As the little green birds hopped down at the faker's bidding, jerked out envelopes with their sharp little bills and laid them in the purchaser's hands Poe became more interested, pushed his way to the front and paid a nickel for the service of a bird.

"Do they do any other tricks?" he asked, having received a card.

For answer the faker made a circle of his thumbs and forefingers, held it before one of the tiny parrots and the bird hopped thru gracefully, to the amusement of the gathering.

Poe laughed and handed the faker a quarter, at the same time raising his finger to summon a taxicab driver who had just discharged his fare at the boat landing and was pulling up his "Vacant" flag.

"Got any more tricks?" asked Poe, pointing to a little felt Napoleon cap surmounting a toy cannon tied to one end of the bird perch. "Don't some of your birds do a trick with that?"

The faker fingered Poe's quarter and answered quickly, "I fix it for old trick. Bird what do it is sick."

A bright-faced lad at Poe's side edged forward and explained, "He sticks that hat on the bird's head and puts a cap in the cannon and tells the bird to fire the cannon."

"The deuce you say?" cried Poe. "I'd give a dollar to see THAT!" He produced the money flashily, acting as tho he were slightly inebriated.

The faker's eyes glinted as he looked at the bill. He shook his head and mumbled something unintelligible.

"Oh, come on; I'll bet your bird ain't too sick to perform for a dollar," Poe prodded.

The faker looked at him sharply, grinned, reached into his pocket, brought out a bird somewhat larger than the other, placed it on the perch and fitted the comical little military cap to its head.

Poe signaled the taxicab driver, who had drawn up close to the curb, to wait a moment and grinned appreciatively as the faker stuck a toothpick under the bird's wing for a gun and cried, "Attention!"

The bird made a little frightened hop, threw back its wings, perked its head saucily and faced the cannon.

The Spaniard took a small powder cap from his pocket, inserted it in the toy cannon, which was really a boy's Fourth of July pistol with the handle knocked off, held up his hand, and with a jaunty little bow addressed the bird:

"General Phillips!"

The bird fluttered a wing in salute and perked its head on the other side.

The little Spaniard's eyes snapped with pride.

"General Phillips!" he cried. "Are you ready?"

The bird faced about, reached the cannon in two hops, clutched the trigger firmly with the claw and turned its head toward the faker.

"Fire! General!" came the ringing order.

The bird braced itself and jerked back on the trigger, the hammer fell and the audience, greatly delighted with the sharp report that followed, broke into delighted chuckles, as the bird hopped down, pulled out a fortune-telling envelope and placed it in Poe's hand.

Poe gave the promised dollar to the faker, exclaiming, "Good work! Take long to train him? I got a friend uptown that'd be interested in that bird. Here!

"I'll give you two bucks to bring General Phillips up to the house and have him perform. Come on, get in this machine." Poe lurched a little and tugged good-naturedly at the fellow's arm.

The Spaniard hesitated; Poe flashed a two-dollar bill before his eyes and the old fellow succumbed, picked up his portable stand, put General Phillips back into his pocket and got into the taxi.

As they rode up the street the Spaniard's heart failed him and he asked to be let down, but Poe refused to listen to his lame excuses. He had directed the driver to take them to President Farley's home on St. Charles avenue and when they reached the number and the faker saw a splendid residence he looked craftily at Poe, who was successfully posing as a gay man-about-town, and sullenly accompanied him to the door, where Farley himself admitted them, controlling his surprise with evident effort.

"Hello, Doc!" cried Poe in feigned hearty good-fellowship, giving the reserved bank president the cue to his part. "I brought a fellow along with a funny bird—General Phillips, he calls him; shoots a gun and picks up most anything with that strong beak of his."

Farley played his part poorly and the little Spaniard was warily suspicious, acting as tho he had seen Farley before and was afraid of him.

"Show him your trick! Have the General fire the gun!" said Poe, pushing the two-dollar bill into the faker's hand, which closed over it like a trap.

The Spaniard sullenly took General Phillips from his pocket and repeated the gun-firing stunt.

"What do you think of that for a bird?" queried Poe, looking up sharply at President Farley, whose gaze was fixed thoughtfully on the bird.

"I don't just get the connection," he said slowly.

"You will in a minute." Poe turned abruptly to the performer, who had craftily returned the bird to his pocket and was fingering something in his belt as he clung to his little box of birds and fortune-telling cards, and edged toward the door. "Senor, what do you feed your birds?"

"Seeds," was the sullen reply, as the little fellow tried to open the door, which Poe had thoughtfully locked behind him.

"What kind?"

"Why you ask?" cried the Spaniard, facing about with a snarl.

"Oh, I'm interested in the seed business today. Are they funny little white seeds?"

"No, black."

"Like these?" asked Poe idly, removing a pinch of the sample he had taken from the big bag in the macaroni box pantry in the old fellow's room.

President Farley stepped back discreetly as the little Spaniard dropped his bird box, thrust his face toward Poe's and, wicked little eyes snapping, demanded, "Where you get those?"

"Oh, I just brought them along in case the General became hungry," said Poe languidly, dropping into his usual tone of speech to the great surprise of the Spaniard and to the relief of anxious, uncomprehending Mr. Farley. "Those are poppy seeds, the blue maw variety, very fine seed for small parrots, as any bird seller around town will tell you. If a man had a thousand dollar bill, or twenty of them he couldn't buy better food for parrakeets than this."

President Farley started at mention of blue maw poppy seeds; the little Spaniard, cords standing out in his neck as he strained up toward Poe, hissed thru clinched teeth, "What you mean?"

"Nothing. Only General Phillips hurried to obey your order of 'Fire, General!' at the bank this noon by pulling the trigger of the real revolver you've got in your left hand now, and then popping out his head amid the resulting confusion—and grabbing the bunch of bills thru the grating as he had been trained to do. He accidentally spilled two blue maw poppy seeds out of the little feed box you rigged up in that handy pocket of yours."

There was a flash of fire, a loud report; President Farley reeled back against the wall and Christopher Poe threw the little Spaniard dextrously on his back, crying, "No harm done, Farley, you weren't shot; he fired the gun from his pocket as I expected; the bullet only took a chip out of that chair. Cut that telephone cord and we'll tie him down so he can't kick while I pull off his boots."

Farley helped as best he could, and inside of two minutes they had the old faker tied up and his foreign boots removed.

Poe picked up the penknife with which Farley had cut the telephone wire and handed it back to its owner, indicating the thick sole of the Spaniard's left boot, "Suppose you rip open those hastily-made stitches in the red morocco cuff about the top of that shoe and see what you find."

With trembling hands Farley did as directed, Poe placing a short-legged couch over the struggling, straining form of the Spaniard, effectively holding him down.

A cry escaped Farley; he held up a quivering hand which contained a neat packet of one thousand dollar bills.

Poe reached over and took the bills from the bank president's fingers. "You found them neatly folded up and sewed in between the two thick layers of leather?"

"Yes."

"Look!" Poe pointed to a sharp dent which carried thru the thin package of bills and showed in a bump and a corresponding dent on the other side.

"What do you gather from that?" asked Farley with a puzzled look.

"General Phillips' sharp beak left those marks as he clutched the bills firmly and dragged them thru the rods as Jackson jumped back, startled by the revolver report. Do you understand it all now?"

"Ye-es," answered Farley slowly, "I guess so. This Spaniard probably is a regular depositor at our bank, as we have a big Spanish trade thru Mr. Gonzales; doubtless had seen bills lying on the paying teller's desk when he came to the bank; so he schemed, trained his bird to shoot the real gun as well as the toy pistol and then pop his head out and pick up a package of papers from between two bars; then he just waited for an opportune moment, gave the order, 'Fire, General!' and the bird, letter-perfect in its performance, did the rest. That explains everything. But how in the world did you get the man from so slight a clew as two poppy seeds, which you led me to believe pointed toward some cocaine criminal?"

"It was costly luck," answered Poe lightly. "When I found those seeds I remembered that they fed that kind mostly to small parrots. The thought of those led me to Spanish fortune-telling birds, the tricks they perform, and I suddenly realized it would be a good idea to follow up the trail; I did, found the only trained birds in New Orleans, observed in their owner's room that he kept a supply of bird seed identical with that I found beneath Jackson's window and saw that he had been experimenting with the red cuff of an old boot, removing stitches to make a pocket in which to hide something.

"I guessed at the fact that he might call his trick bird by the name of 'General' and hazarded a question to the keeper of the place where the faker lodged, which proved to me that I was correct. Then all there was to do was to find the man, for I knew if he was a clever enough criminal to conceive such a scheme he'd be shrewd enough to go on about his everyday business as tho nothing had happened, until any suspicion that might possibly be attached to him had blown over. So I found him and brought him along, and as he seems a bit uncomfortable under that lounge I suggest we call up the police, leave him and the General in charge of your butler here and go out and see if we can pick up some sort of a clew that will lead us to one of those gin fizzes you folks are famous for down here."

A WOMAN'S PRAYER

Lord, give strength to women, thru this war,
With courageous, bleeding hearts they suffer on,
To work and pray in the same old scenes,
Where something, so dear, is gone.

The gallant soldier who goes to war,
And knows his duty is done,
Can't suffer more, in the battle strife,
Than the woman who calls him "son."

The man who takes in his brave, strong arms,
The woman, who is his wife,
And says, "Good-by" for his country's sake,
Offers, as she does, his life.

A woman has suffered for every man
Who goes to do his share,
And while she has life, he cannot drift
Beyond her love and care.

She knows not what the future holds,
What sorrow, or home-coming joy.
She can only trust each day will unfold
A blessing on her brave boy.

Lord, make strong and brave those women
Who try to smile thru tears,
Just good-by leaves such a heartache
When the parting may be for years.

—L. F. K.

Her Wish.

"I wish you were like Mrs. Green's husband."

"Why?"

"He's so good to her. He buys her everything I want."

Hunting the Mastodon

By Francis J. Dickie

Read This, Then Go On With the Story.

THIRST for the unknown sends Grahame and Ayelward to the Arctic Circle in search of a prehistoric monster, concerning which they have been told by Inspector Fells of the Northwest Mounted Police, who had the story from an old Indian. They take with them a moving picture camera man. In running the rapids of a river they come upon a wrecked boat and Ayelward saves the life of Doris Keane, a story writer who is in search of adventure and who, when she learns of their quest, joins them.

If you prefer to read the earlier chapters in detail back copies may be obtained from our agents, news dealers, or by mail direct from the office of publication. The story began in No. 2, the issue dated Jan. 12.

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CHAPTER III.

CHEEQUINA sat upon a caribou skin robe in front of his lodge at Fort Chipewyan, gazing away across Lake Athabasca to the rim of the world, where the red sun, sinking slowly, lay close upon the placid waters. There was no interest in his eyes, only the listlessness of great age, of one who has looked too often on similar scenes and is very tired.

It was almost the only thing he had done for many years now—this sitting and watching from his lonely cabin, while day followed day into the endless vista of yesterdays. Mostly he lived in the past, dreaming over happenings of ancient trails, or old hunts and feasts, even to that youthful day when he had stood the ordeal of sinew piercing, and had been made a brave. The scars of that still showed on arms and chest; but the pain and the memory of pain were gone; only pride of prowess in that long ago remained to thrill with memories his weakening frame.

The weight of ninety-seven winters lay upon him, stooping his mighty shoulders in spite of a proud spirit that strove ever to hold erect the aging body. Ninety-seven summer suns had changed skin of cheek and neck and high broad brow to a shriveled, million-wrinkled mask, more parchment than flesh.

Once he reached for his pipe and held it momentarily in his hand; but, knowledge of his tobacco poverty returning, he laid it aside and began again reflectively counting the days that must elapse before his next treaty money was due. It was very long—a full two months; and the Hudson Bay factor had refused him any more "debt" because the war was on, and even the great company was knowing hard times.

Suddenly he turned at the sound of approaching footsteps; in his rheumy eyes was a slight show of interest.

A white man was coming. It was Ayelward. Reaching the chief, he bowed gravely: "Kyas Neestow," he said in Cree, a language which, from three trips to other parts of the North, he spoke with fair fluency.

"How are you?" Cheequina replied, with dignity, in perfect English, for he had long mingled with white men, and was proud of the knowledge of their tongue. He waved his visitor to be seated.

Ayelward dropped easily to the ground. Crossing his legs under him, Indian fashion, he drew forth his pouch and pipe. With both filled and lit it, returning the pouch to his pocket, conscious as he did so that the old man's eyes were fixed upon it covetously.

Then Ayelward, from another pocket, produced a paper-wrapped parcel of perhaps five pounds weight, and silently extended it. Cheequina accepted it gravely. In silence he tore off the paper wrapping, his eyes lighting at the deep yellow of the brown "Macdonald" plugs, king tobacco of the Northland. Slowly he withdrew one plug; then, tucking the remaining ones under his robe, he proceeded to cut, fill and light his pipe. Slowly, meditatively, he drew upon it, as if to saturate every atom of his system with the glory of the tobacco's fragrance; and as the luxurious pleasantness of this "outside" weed stirred the minutest part of his facing palate, there peered from out the deep sunken eyes a little of the fire of long gone youth.

Presently the tobacco burned low in the battered bowl; once, twice it sputtered as a live coal met fresh congealed nicotine. Regretfully, with motions carefully slow, bespeaking ancientness, Cheequina laid the pipe down beside him, and turned his eyes full upon the white man before him.

Then it was that Ayelward spoke. "I have come very far from the great city of the moonias to listen to your words, Cheequina." Cheequina nodded gravely. Ayelward proceeded: "It has been told me by my good friend, Inspector Fells of the Mounted Police, that you alone of all the people in the Northland know of the mastodon, for which I have been searching for years."

A long moment Cheequina gazed upon the speaker. The mention of Inspector Fells had brought a pleased light to the Indian's eyes; for, of all white men, Inspector Fells was most liked and respected by him, and, after his fashion, any friend of the Inspector's was warmly welcome. But a puzzled light had crept into his eyes as Ayelward ceased speaking.

He Handed Ayelward a Parchment.

At last he said: "I am very glad my friend has come to see me. The days are long when one is old; the visitors few. And I know of many things, but this mas—mas—mas'adon," he finished stumbling over the "t," always a difficult sound of the white man's tongue, "this one, ah—namoyi skaitin," he concluded, lapsing into Cree the more completely to express his lack of knowledge.

Ayelward thought a moment, then explained: "That is the name the white medicine men have given to it—I mean the animal your great-grandfather saw away beyond Bear Lake, in the valley-without-a-door."

There was a long silence. The white man noted the cloud that came to the other's face; noting, and remembering the Inspector's words, he brought forth his letter.

Cheequina read the letter thru, tucked it under him along with the tobacco, then said: "What is it you wish to know of the mas—mas——" he gave the English attempt up, added in Cree: "Kichemistatim, namoyi mistatim, namoyi muckeegway?"

Ayelward nodded appreciation of the apt description. Out of politeness, adapting the old man's description to English, he went on: "This animal, like a horse, yet not a horse, like nothing in all the world, is one which myself and many white men have long hoped still to find alive somewhere upon the earth. When Inspector Fells told me you had a map, I thought that perhaps aided by this we might be able to find its home—even find it still alive."

Cheequina nodded. Into his tired old eyes came a momentary light. At last the memory of his forefather was being vindicated; for would this great white man from a far place travel all the way from there if he did not believe?

Presently he said: "I will tell you the story, and afterward we shall look upon the map. My father, his grandfather, Napsis Moosway," he began, even in his English adhering to the double possessive peculiar to the Cree, "saw the animal in a hidden valley that lies many days beyond the eastern shore of the lake which the white men call that of the Great Bear. It is very far from here—this valley—and it has no door, only great high walls that close in on every side. Napsis Moosway was a mighty hunter, and often traveled far from his own camp on Lake Mackay near to old Fort Enterprise. But this time he went farther than ever, and not for game, but copper. It is wonderful, the copper there; it covers the country, sometimes in blocks as big as the biggest cabin of the white men.

"But, as he traveled, the game grew scarcer and scarcer, till, when he came to the place where was the copper in little chunks, which was what he sought, there was no longer food on the toboggan for himself or dogs. Hoping to find caribou, which are often so many in this land that they cover the ground as far as the eye can see, he went on and on. And all the time his dogs grew leaner and weaker. It was very cold, and soon the fear of death was on the man, for he was no longer young, and the strength of his youth was gone.

"Then, on the third day of empty-bellied walking, the air suddenly became warmer, the snow gave way to level tundra, green with grass and bear-berry, and all the plants that grow so wonderfully in this land in the few short days of summer. The dogs could no longer pull the toboggan, so the man turned them loose and went on. But as he walked he saw that the dogs were afraid. They whined and moved slowly, with their tails between their legs. Soon, as he walked, he came to a little stream, perhaps a dozen feet across. While he walked thru the shallow water to the other side he found the water was warm like that heated in a kettle over a slow fire. It was a funny yellow color, and tasted like no water he had ever known, and from it the air was made heavy with a queer smell. But the dogs did not follow him. The seven of them sat upon the other side, whining, and would not move when he called them.

"Then, suddenly, all the air was filled with a great roaring, like a terrible wind thru the forest or the breaking of great waves on a rocky shore. It seemed to come from out of the ground almost under the man's feet. His hair stuck up on his head, for it was a sound such as he had never heard before. But he kept on—" Cheequina paused a moment, then added, with a deep sense of pride—"for Napsis Moosway was a great warrior, and brave, just as his father was before him, and as all the men of his blood have always been.

"So Napsis Mooswaw kept on, and not a hundred feet further came to where the world ended in great high walls that lay all around a little valley of perhaps a quarter-mile square. Throwing himself down on the edge, he looked over and saw the strangest animal in all the world, such an animal as he nor any of his people had ever seen or even dreamed could be.

"It was a hundred times bigger than the biggest caribou of the barren lands. It had two tails—a long one in front, and a little one behind. And the one in front had a great straight horn on either side of it, that was as thick as a good-sized poplar tree. And this funny tail in front kept ever moving here and there, tearing up bits of grass and carrying the food to the animal's mouth, that was like the ragged entrance of a cave in the rocks. The body of the beast was like a very fat horse, only thicker, and with shorter legs as big as the trunk of the largest whitewood, from which we make our boats. Presently, as Napsis Mooswaw watched, the animal moved to a little lake and stuck this strange tail into the water for many minutes, then drew it out and squirted water over all its hide, which was shiny like that of the pigs of the holy father up at the mission of Chipewyan. When it had finished its bath, it stuck forward its head and raised the tail and sent forth its noise, that was like the thunder and the storm.

"Then Napsis Mooswaw, tho he was very hungry and before him was meat for a thousand men, turned away, for no spear or arrow of a man could kill such beast at the distance, and there was no way to get near, even had he wished to attempt the kill. He went back to his

dogs, and turned backward toward the place where he had come from. Next day his luck changed, he killed a caribou. Then he began the journey back to the tribe on Lake Mackay.

"But he was a mighty hunter, and a madness was on him to come back with many hunters and kill the great beast. So he carefully marked his returning steps. At the crossing of the stream he first raised a pile of stones around a poplar pole. And all the way back he marked his trail at every little distance; and as he went along he put the signposts down upon a bit of caribou hide, burning the marks in so as to have a lasting map of his trip.

"But when he came to the lodges of his people and told the story, they would not believe. He went to the white men, but they laughed and called him crazy, and told him to go and attend to his hunting.

"Napsis Mooswaw was then getting old. Fully sixty snows had passed over him. He was very sad at the scorn of his people, but his strength was no longer equal to the long trail, or he might have gone back alone to hunt the mighty beast. So he gave the map to his oldest son Nipaskew, and Nipaskew said: 'Wepuck Nela ne katotan' (soon I will do it). But Nipaskew was true to his name, which means the Sleepy One. He dreamed great dreams of deeds he was going to do, but that was all; and the lodge and the pipe knew him more often than the hunting trail. So he never went in search of the animal in the lonely valley, but, in turn, gave the map to Umisk, his oldest son, who was my father. But Umisk was born on Great Slave Lake, a great way from the place of the hunt, and in all his days never traveled so far. I, too, would have gone, but it was a long trip, and no one would believe, and I could not go alone, even as Napsis Mooswaw."

Cheequina shook his head, a heavy motion and slow, in it a great regret at this mission unfulfilled. Then, after a long time, he asked almost brightly: "Ay, well, keeam?" (What does it matter?)

His voice faded away to a low drone, and he went on in Cree, soliloquizing to himself: "The great white man of learning will go, and see, and return, and tell all the world. Then will Napsis Mooswaw be known as a great brave; and his son's sons be held up to all the people of the Northland as great people, as the children of the mighty hunter who first saw the strange animal in the valley without a door."

Abruptly he ended this valedictory, and turned once more to contemplate the ensanguined waters and the dying sun. As he had talked some of the fire and strength of youth had crept into his voice; again eyes had flashed to joyous gleaming at reminiscence of the mighty deeds of his forefather. But now he was again an old man, weary with weight of years. One trembling hand reached for his pipe, the other for tobacco. In silence he puffed, waiting for the white man to speak.

The words were long in coming; for Ayelward, athrill with belief, and the wonder and the hope of the thing, sat dumbly staring, seeing not the barren headlands about, but afar off a mysterious valley and the monster thing it contained.

But when he did finally break the silence, he was once more the intensely practical man of science and research.

"About how many years ago would it be that your great-grandfather saw the beast?"

Cheequina thought for some time, saying finally, "About a hundred and thirty years." Remembrance of something suddenly striking him, he rose slowly and limped within his lodge. A minute later returning, he handed Ayelward a tightly rolled piece of parchment.

With eager hands the white man spread it out upon the ground, to stare fascinated upon a strangely-fashioned map and a weird picturing of the mastodon, that adorned one corner.

Carefully he went over it, getting the aged chief to explain the significance of each finely drawn line and token that had been burned upon the thin hide with such excellent skill so long ago, as he did so making copious entries in his notebook. Rising at last, he said: "And I can take this with me?"

Cheequina nodded. "When you come back, you will again give it to me?"

Ayelward held out his hand; a silent bond and answer.

Getting to his feet, Cheequina took it gravely. Then, as Ayelward moved away, he said feelingly: "N'tuma Kichemanito pimato killikow keelawow." (I wish it the Great Spirit may walk with you.)

Within a quarter-mile of the camp, Ayelward noted with momentary surprise a second and larger ridgepole tent standing beside his smaller one, which he and the men had erected for sleeping quarters for themselves on arriving at Chipewyan the previous day. Doris, meanwhile, having been made a guest by the factor's wife.

The newness of the canvas—marked by its glistening white—and its position next to his own tent, instantly suggested that Grahame had arrived, and he quickened his step.

Two hundred yards further on he saw Grahame's tall form swing out from the camp, and move toward him. Following their meeting and hearty greeting, Grahame related the incidents of his trip as they walked slowly back to camp.

He had been successful in engaging Rogers, the moving-picture operator, and had brought him back with a high-class camera and five thousand feet of negative film.

Finishing his brief recital, Grahame remarked abruptly: "What's this yarn Isadore sprung on me about you carrying a woman along?"

The way he emphasized the word "woman," and the peculiarity of his tone, fired Ayelward to spirited reply. Halting, he proceeded to describe the finding and rescue of Doris, and his subsequent invitation that she become one of the search party. Under the stress of his feelings he elaborated upon her coolness and courage, ending his story with an emphatic statement of belief in her fitness to make the journey.

To Grahame, motherless from infancy, and in later years cast almost entirely among men, all women were inferior creatures; only a little superior to animals by virtue of a certain ratio of low-grade brain power, which possession, to his mind, only made them the more dangerous, unreliable and unstable. Entrenched solemnly in this belief, he now launched into a bitter tirade against the sex in general. Concluding, he began pointing out to Ayelward a dozen facts to show that the taking of Doris farther was the utmost folly.

Ayelward heard him out in silence, then remarked with considerable heat: "But she's not at all the common type of woman—not the kind you're basing your opinion upon!"

"You're a gump!" Grahame snorted in reply, voicing his last word in opprobrium. He never used profanity; but at such times when outraged feelings demanded some outlet, summed it all up in this one expression.

Ayelward had heard him apply it often to others during their various trips together, but had never before come under personal fire. Now he shrugged his shoulders, a tolerant gesture of meek acceptance, and resumed the walk to camp in silence. He was, however, secretly pleased. Grahame, at least, had not delivered an ultimatum that he would not go farther in case of Doris' accompanying the party. Ayelward had feared this, and the fact that it had not come held hopes the bearishness of his companion would quickly vanish once he came to know the girl.

On reaching the tents, Grahame introduced Ayelward to Rogers, the motion-picture man, a tall, lean young fellow of some twenty-eight years, with a huge shock of black hair. Already he was vastly excited at the possibilities of international fame for himself if the expedition should prove successful.

Grahame, on his arrival at Chipewyan just a few minutes after Ayelward's departure to call upon Cheequina, had put the breeds to work constructing a rough dining table in one end of the twelve by fourteen tent. This and a bench on either side of it the men had completed, and were now busy preparing the late evening meal.

"How soon will supper be ready, Isadore?"—Ayelward asked of the breed crouched over the fire before the tent.

"'Bout ten minutes."

Nodding, Ayelward turned to Grahame and Rogers, remarking: "I'm going up to the post a minute," and without explaining the reason for the visit hurried away to bring Doris back to take supper at the camp. Since the arrival of the party the previous day, every minute of Doris' time had been taken up by the factor's wife, for the entertaining of a white woman from the outside was so rare a thing that every moment of the guest's time must be made the most of.

Now, however, with the coming of Grahame, Ayelward was anxious that Doris should join the present supper party and attempt the conquering of his difficult partner.

Arriving at the factor's house, he found Doris just returned from a visit to a nearby Indian encampment. She was quite enthusiastic, greeting Ayelward with: "I've just been getting material for an article on how Indian mothers take care of their babies. I used up a whole roll of your films to illustrate it, too," she added. Ayelward had supplied her with one of his cameras on their arrival.

"Oh, that's all right. I brought lots of films," he replied. "Did you learn anything interesting?"

"Oh, heaps of things. Do you know, it's really wonderful how well the Indian mothers take care of their children—they are quite as clever as white women." She added this in a tone of surprise which caused Ayelward to smilingly reply: "And why not? They've been getting experience equally as long."

She shook her fist at him. "Nasty man!"

"That's what you women always say when a man points out to you a glaringly apparent fact, which you ought to see for yourself." Then, remembering his mission and that supper would be waiting, he quickly announced Grahame's arrival, of which the women were as yet unaware, the camp lying in a little hollow some distance from the post, completely hidden from sight.

His request to take Doris away met with momentary demur on part of the gray-haired hostess, but this faded away when Ayelward promised faithfully to bring back her guest early in the evening.

When they had covered the quarter-mile to camp they found Grahame, Rogers and the two boatmen already seated.

The two white men, facing the tent door, turned startled eyes as Doris stepped in. With introductions over, and Doris and Ayelward seated, a sudden embarrassing silence fell.

Rogers, confronted with this unexpected bit of dainty, outside world femininity, suddenly became conscious of his three days' growth of beard, uncombed hair, and his shirt-sleeves; and showed it by attacking the food with nervous haste, eyes glued to his plate. Grahame, always careless of personal looks when in the wilderness, was little better of appearance. But he carried it off defiantly, glowering into vacancy and calmly ignoring the girl's presence.

But Doris was not the least abashed. Well posted beforehand by Ayelward regarding Grahame's peculiar antipathy to all womankind, and anxious to win his friendship for the sake of the future pleasantness of the trip, she said presently: "I'm awfully glad you got here, Mr. Grahame; Mr. Ayelward's been telling me so many nice and interesting things about you that, womanlike, I've been eaten up with curiosity till you'd arrive."

"Oh, he has, has he?" Grahame snapped, thus forced unwillingly into the arena of talking. But his eyes came away from their position of fixedly staring at the canvas and rested on the woman, directly facing him. It was his first thorough view of her, for, following a brief glance at introduction, he had kept his eyes studiously upon the tent wall. Now, something in her vivacious face, together with her air of good fellowship, caused his scowl to relax a little.

"She looks almost intelligent!", he thought, surprised.

"Yes," Doris went on, "he tells me you have written a book on paleolithic times. I'm awfully interested in such things. Right near my home in California there's a great pit where scientists have been digging up all kinds of bones of funny animals—saber-toothed tigers and a whole lot of others—I really never can remember their awful names."

"Really!" Grahame replied, suddenly interested. "They must have gone very deep for them; into the paleozonic strata."

"I don't know," she answered doubtfully, "but I don't think that was it. I guess it couldn't be, for they didn't have to dig down very far." Then, a vague memory returning, she added: "Now I come to think of it, I remember one of them saying something about carboniferous strata; but, of course," this hastily, "don't bank on anything I say, I'm no paleozologist."

During the rest of the meal, however, Grahame plied her with questions regarding the fossil field, till they monopolized the conversation. And Grahame, with interest thus aroused, forgot to be aloof and became almost amiable.

Later, seated around the tent, the talk became more general, and even then he retained good humor. When Doris at last rose to go, he said almost heartily: "Glad to've met you—good night—see you tomorrow."

In the soft twilight, Ayelward walked back with her as far as the door of the factor's house. Turning to bid him good night, Doris said good-humoredly: "That man's not a woman hater. The trouble with him is he never really got close enough to one to find out what they were like. He was scared—yes, scared; and to hide it he tried to be a bear."

"You certainly did wonders," Ayelward grinned. "Do you know, all evening I could see a light of wondering comprehension growing brighter and brighter in his eyes as he talked to you; just as tho he was saying to himself: 'She's actually sensible—really, not at all ordinary!' Then, toward the last, 'Why, she's quite clever!'"

Doris laughed brightly. "Well, I'm awfully glad. I think everything will come out all right now, don't you?"

"I'm sure of it," Ayelward called back, as he started toward camp.

THE SERVICE FLAG

Border of red for a courage high—
Courage that's stanch and true,
With a field of white for purity,
Where the name-stars glimmer blue—
Blue for the man who lives and serves,
Where echo the fierce war cries.
But gold for the one who gives his life
And dies as a hero dies.

In windows of shops whence the men went out,
The signal is flung to fate;
In windows of homes whence the sons went forth,
And the mothers who gave them wait—
Sired of the Nation's Stars and Stripes.
It tells how a man may fight
And give his blood and his life, perchance,
For the things that are true and right.

Border of red for a courage high—
Courage that's stanch and true,
With a field of white for purity—
Where the name-stars glimmer blue—
God grant that our men come home again
Out of war's furious hold;
God grant that the blue stars on the flag
Change not to the stars of gold!

—SARA BEAUMONT KENNEDY.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM Fort Chipewyan, on the west end of Lake Athabasca, to Mackay Lake—the last of a chain of lakes extending northeasterly from the end of Great Slave Lake—is a long fifteen hundred miles. But Old Dame Nature, when laying out the vast Northland in the long ago, was in a kindly mood. Over the whole territory north of parallel fifty-three lie long rivers and big lakes, all marvelously connected to form probably the greatest inland system of waterways in the world. Upon them men may travel by canoe and scow boat for twenty-five hundred miles northward to the very Arctic Sea. A great deal of the way even offers passage to light-draft steamers.

Thru this Ayelward and Grahame's contemplated trip was made fairly easy.

Breaking camp early on the second morning following Grahame's arrival, the party embarked once more; Ayelward, Doris and Isadore manning the first scow; Grahame, Rogers and Johny Loutit, the second and smaller one—the same "half-scow" which they had originally intended using alone for their trip to Chipewyan.

Taking advantage of a strong southwest wind, the men stepped rude short masts in the two craft, temporarily pressing into service for sails several blankets and the canvas of the little "bell" tent. In this way the thirty-odd miles to be traveled on Lake Athabasca to the mouth of the Rocher River were covered without strenuous work at the sweeps.

Once into the Rocher River, which forms the lake's outlet into the Great Slave River, the current carried them swiftly along, and by early afternoon the two scows were floating on the broad bosom of the Slave toward the trading post of Fort Resolution, on the southern end of Great Slave Lake.

Only one obstacle lay between Chipewyan and Resolution—an eighteen-mile portage over the rapids between Smith's Landing and Fort Smith, one hundred and twenty miles out from Chipewyan. This they covered in hired wagons, freighting boats as well as provisions; and ten days after leaving Chipewyan they tied their boats up at the lonely settlement of Fort Resolution.

Here, on advice of the factor, when

(Continued on Page 27.)

His Red Cross Sweetheart

By St. George Rathborne

You Can Begin the Story Now

WHILE Boyd Kennedy is returning from Europe to America to enlist, the liner on which he is traveling strikes a floating mine and is wrecked. With several other survivors he spends three days and nights in an open boat, where his care of a woman and child prove his heroism. Just as an eastbound French liner picks them up, Kennedy swoons from loss of blood, his arm having been severely lacerated. He has appropriated the coat of an Englishman, Gerald Carroll, who was washed overboard; and upon coming to himself after the rescue is called Mr. Carroll by the attractive Red Cross nurse who is assisting the French doctor. Realizing that she has discovered letters in Carroll's coat, which she takes to be his, he fails to correct her. Altho she gives her name as Thompson, Kennedy has reason to believe it assumed. When alone, he discovers, in looking over the letters, that Carroll was a spy in Germany's pay, and believing that he can obtain valuable information for the United States by posing as the Englishman, he resolves to do so. The next day, the nurse, with whom he has unconsciously fallen in love, avoids him, but when the periscope of a submarine is sighted, he searches until he finds her and gets her to an upper deck just as a torpedo strikes the liner. After the girl twice has surrendered her place to others, Kennedy forces her into one of the last boats, which, in being lowered, is overturned. Singling out Nurse Thompson among the struggling figures, the young man dives into the water and assists her to keep afloat. After some time they manage to seize a drifting boat, which they find provided with food, blankets and oars. During the twenty hours following the girl is greatly puzzled to reconcile Kennedy's kindliness and courtesy with what she evidently has learned from some source about Carroll. However, the American does not reveal his identity. A French destroyer, seeing their distress signal, comes to their rescue.

You can now go on with the story by reading the installment published in this issue. If you prefer, you can read the entire story in detail by getting back copies from our agents, newsdealers or by mail direct from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 1, dated January 5, 1918.

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CHAPTER IX.

IN THE polite little commander of the French destroyer Boyd found an eager listener when he proceeded to tell his story briefly, commencing with the sinking of the vessel on which he had started for America, when a floating mine was struck, and finishing with the hour when they sighted the flotilla of mosquito craft convoying the big freighter into port.

The officer spoke English perfectly. When Boyd seemed to be surprised at this, Captain Maliet laughingly told him that his grandparents on his mother's side had been English people, and much of his boyhood had been spent on their country place somewhere in Dorset; also, that the blood in his veins that came from his father's side of the family had caused him to take service in the French navy as a young man.

"We will be in port inside of two hours," he assured Boyd, as they sat there on deck in comfortable chairs, smoking a couple of passable French cigars, the nurse having disappeared within to have another bite of breakfast, together with a cup of hot coffee; "so if you please, tell me your adventures from the time you cast adrift from that unlucky steamer up to the present."

Boyd omitted only a few things which he either did not think advisable to tell the officer of the destroyer, or else believed were no one's business but his own. He failed to mention anything about one of the men lost from the open boat, leaving his coat behind him, which coat he was even then wearing. Indeed, he had carelessly taken out one of the letters and held it so the officer might see the name written on the envelope. Thus, while he did not claim to be Gerald Carroll, the inference was that such must be his name; and several times the other addressed him as M'sieu Carroll without Boyd correcting him. But then that was only in line with his suddenly conceived and perhaps rash plan to play the part a freak of fortune had thrown to him as a bait to adventure.

The other thing he did not mention concerned Nurse Thompson, what he thought of her, why there should seem to be a vein of mystery hovering over her dainty head; and, in fact, everything connected with her. He simply stated that she had bravely volunteered to start across the ocean, determined to assist those of her country who were working so heroically in French hospitals as surgeons and nurses, and day by day winning the eternal gratitude of the gallant people who meant to gain the victory for world democracy.

Half an hour later, Boyd, having finished all he had to tell, was delighted to receive a message from the companion of his latest adventure. She requested that he join her inside and accept of a cup of coffee.

"You will excuse me, I am sure, Captain," he told the French commander upon receiving this message.

"Certainly, m'sieu!" cried the other, with a polite bow, and a smile. "It is I who should be asking you to pardon my rudeness in keeping you selfishly to myself all this time, and not even offering you any comfort save a poor cigar that you have, I see, not half smoked. Besides, when a lady as lovely as your young companion beckons with her finger, it would be a foolish man who failed to jump to obey."

Boyd only laughed as he hurried away. It gave him a pleasant feeling, somehow, to have the Captain joke him with regard to the Red Cross nurse.

He found her looking prettier than ever, because her face no longer wore that anxious expression, nor was it white with fear. Instead, her cheeks carried roses, and those remarkable eyes that held his fate in their depths again fairly dazzled him with their brilliancy.

"If you have not already had your coffee, please drink a cup with me," she greeted him, as he entered and sat down near her. "I never knew what a delight a hot cup of this nectar could be until now. It seems to give one a new life, and the whole world looks brighter for such a delicious beverage. I hope you have not already reached your limit in the number of cups."

"On the contrary," he hastened to assure her, "I have not as yet had a drop; but even if I had swallowed half a dozen cups I should still be delighted to indulge in yet another if your hands poured it for me."

He did not know whether his bold words embarrassed or annoyed her; but she laughed, and proceeded to fill a cup for him nevertheless, which she saw him drink black, as he had long ago learned to do when among the Arabs and the Turks.

"Where will we land, do you happen to know, Mr. Carroll?" she asked him, a little later, after they had talked of a number of things, and Boyd had watched her fill his small cup as many as four times, for each draught seemed more and more like pure ambrosia, tho he dared not tell her that lest he offend her.

"The important port of Havre, at the mouth of the River Seine, is where we are heading. It is situated, you may remember, in a bay really a part of the broad English Channel, and is one of the most important ports in all France; but recently the submarines have created no end of trouble for the French around here, and I understand considerable traffic is being diverted to other ports further down the coast in the Bay of Biscay. Once we land, you can easily take a train to Paris; for I believe I understood you to say you were going there first, possibly to work in the American hospital under Dr. Blake."

"Yes, that is my present intention," she told him, while a slight line appeared on her forehead, as if certain unpleasant thoughts might suddenly have arisen to give her anxiety; "tho it yet remains to be seen just how welcome I will be, and whether my work is good enough for them."

"I ought to be a pretty good judge of your ability, Nurse Thompson," he told her, as he pointed to his left arm. "You made such a good job of my little injuries that I've almost forgotten I was ever wounded. In fact, I honestly believe I've used that arm about as much as the other—for many purposes."

She blushed again, and it gave him a strange satisfaction, because did he not understand that she must be remembering how he held her to him with that same injured arm, while he was battling with the angry waters, just before they luckily came upon the empty boat, possibly the very one from which the inmates had been so unfortunately tumbled into the sea?

"Will you wait at Havre until a steamer sails for America, when you can renew your interrupted voyage?" she hastened to ask him, seeking perhaps to draw his attention to some other quarter than her flaming cheeks.

"Really, I haven't decided that question yet," he carelessly remarked. "It is not a very important matter whether I arrive in America or stay on this side of the water. A little affair was taking me home, which can just as well be deferred. Besides, of late I have been feeling considerable curiosity to see something of the amazing life in the trenches, and feel the pulse of war; because in my time I have been in the militia, a captain in a New York regiment; and I imagine some of the old fever still burns in my veins at times."

She stared at him.

"Why, how could that be? I really understood you were English. I am sure Eleanor wrote me—and yet I am more than glad to hear you say you are an American like myself. That accounts for the Yankee cheers, does it, Mr. Carroll?"

"I should think it might," he laughingly replied. "Some generations back my folks came from England, but I myself was born in New York City, well, just thirty-two years ago. My family is pretty well known, I imagine," and there he stopped, to switch the conversation over to another subject than himself; because he felt he was treading on dangerous ground, since he could not tell her that it was the Kennedy family he referred to, and not the Carrolls, unless he meant to change his mind and own up then and there to his little deceit.

Some time later they both went outside to watch the interesting spectacle of the French harbor of Havre in wartimes, with innumerable armed vessels coming and going, or being overhauled at the docks; while great ocean steamers unloaded their precious cargoes from over the ocean—cargoes that were destined to keep the nation from starving while most of the men were at the front fighting liberty's battles.

Surely, Boyd figured in his mind, she must guess why he was changing his plan of campaign, and know that some other attraction promised to hold him in France other than a sudden desire to look upon the maimed inmates of numerous hospitals, or visit the front where such desperate fighting went on day after day, with fresh loads of wounded being sent to the rear for treatment at the hands of those devoted angels of mercy of whom she herself was one. Well, come to think of it, why should he care? His feelings toward her were sincere and honest, and he had done nothing to be ashamed of. Once he had turned over to the authorities the plans of the German conspiracy which had come into his keeping in such a strange way, and possibly had done a little scouting on his own hook, just to please himself and see if he could unearth some of the secret plotters, Boyd felt he would be in condition to make his first confession to Nurse Thompson. It would be just as well, perhaps, to continue his story by adding still another confession to the first, always providing he received a mite of encouragement from the one most concerned.

All of which would seem to indicate that things had already come to a pretty pass with this bachelor, veteran of many a siege in the past, in that he was ready to hoist the white flag of surrender. But when a fellow has been given a chance to save the life of a girl thrown into the sea, and then float for almost twenty hours in her company in an open boat, amusing her with fine stories con-

"I've Used That Arm About as Much as the Other—for Many Purposes."

nected with his own past adventures by field and flood, just to make her forget the awful situation by which they are confronted—well, time is not much of a factor after all; and really he felt as tho he must have known Nurse Thompson in his dreams, because she appeared to be so essential to his looking the future in the face with composure and satisfaction.

He would have liked very much to accompany her to Paris, but feared she would resent his desire to continue in her company as impertinent. All the same, he meant to take a later train that would land him in the French capital, where he would find much to interest him; tho to tell the truth, he had only recently come from that identical city, before sailing from England. And since he had suddenly become interested in military hospitals in general, and the famous American one in Paris in particular, what would be more natural than they two should chance to meet again before a great time had elapsed—say a couple of days? Boyd even told himself that two days counted forty-eight hours, and each one of these latter stood for sixty minutes, so that taken in all they represented an eternity.

Accordingly he insisted on accompanying her to the station where she could enter a compartment in the carriage of the first train bound for Paris. No one bothers much about comfort in these wonderful wartimes; it was quite enough if accommodations of any sort could be obtained, for much of the space was reserved for wounded men, or those going to the front for action, after recovering from their injuries.

She gave him her hand as she leaned from the carriage.

"I wish again to tell you how I appreciate all you have done for me, Mr. Carroll," she said, smiling into his eyes as he held her little hand. "I shall have good friends at Paris, who will, I am sure, look after me; but all the same, if you happen to be passing that way I would be most glad to see you again. Please do not think that a woman cannot keep a secret, tho she may not understand the motives that could induce a man of honor to do certain things. Au revoir, then, until we meet again!"

The train was already moving. Boyd Kennedy was sorely tempted to jump into that carriage by some means or other, and accompany her on her way, no matter what she might think of his mad action; but fortunately he came to his senses in time. He did, however, raise her white hand to his lips and kiss it.

"Rest assured I shall make it the one object of my life to see you again," he called out, and she must have understood, for she gave him another ravishing smile.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER THE TRAIN HAD GONE.

HARDLY had she departed when Boyd found himself repeating her last words over and over, wondering just what they signified.

"A secret, she said," he was muttering, while he stood looking down the track where the train had just vanished from his view, "and I must not think that a woman cannot keep it to herself, if she have a motive in so doing! Then, again, what could she mean by a woman not being able to understand the motives that might induce a man of honor to do certain things?"

He shook his head as tho some unpleasant thought had taken lodgment in his mind.

"It looks suspiciously as if she might have an inkling of the real character of the genuine Gerald Carroll, whose coat I am right now wearing, and whose papers I have taken the liberty of running my eye over. Yes, she must have also glanced at some of those letters while waiting for me to come back to my senses. Their tenor told her the staggering truth. She looked on me as a creature in the employ of the Berlin secret office, an international spy, ready to worm myself into the confidence of good people—English, French, Americans, too—with the sole purpose of betraying them later on."

The bare thought made him wince as a galled horse might under the saddle—wince, and shut his teeth together in sudden disgust.

"Yes, I was certainly a fool to let her go away without some sort of explanation," he continued to tell himself, moodily. "Think how she must have suffered mentally while in my company. I appeared to be a gentleman of honor, and yet under a disguise I was actually playing a dastardly part—that of an enemy to her country. Perhaps she found herself forced to consider everything I said on the same low scale, and a base fabrication. And thru it all she was trying ever so hard to think the best of me. That cuts to the bone, hang it all! She simply said that she, being a woman, could not of course be expected to understand how a man of honor could bring himself to doing certain things. Whew! Given another chance, and I wager I clear my skirts of this miserable sham! She shall know just who and what I am, also how strangely Fate dragged me into this game."

This firm determination seemed to give him a small amount of relief. Yes, he would make sure to get some official indorsement of his actions from the representative of the American Government at Havre, when he went to hand over his knowledge of the spy clique, so that he might have such proof to back up his bare declaration when he saw Nurse Thompson again.

For the sixth time Boyd looked down the line of shiny rails, where the Continental railway carriage with its divers compartments had so recently borne her. In a few more hours there would be another train leaving, also for the French capital, and please Heaven he meant to be aboard the same, following after the one who in such a wonderfully brief space of time had become so much to him.

It was just at this moment Boyd became aware of the fact that he appeared to be an object of unusual interest to a couple of men. They were watching him intently, tho when he chanced to look that way they made out to be earnestly conversing, and gesturing with all the well-known vehemence of their race. Judging from their rather swarthy faces one would be apt to believe they might be natives of Spain, and indeed, he could recognize certain words that floated to his ears as Spanish.

Both were utter strangers to Boyd, which made it appear all the more singular why they should have the slightest interest in him, unless it happened that they belonged to that class of human wolves to be found in every city, East or West—in Japan or India just as well as in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, or New York—who make a fat living by preying on their unsuspicious fellows. Boyd had run up against this breed frequently, and entertained the utmost contempt for their tricks. He was wont to brush them aside almost as one would a bothersome mosquito; and if one chose to delve into the history of his rovings for the last eight years, numerous instances might have been discovered where the intended beast of prey had more than met his match, and retired from the field, sorely distressed in mind and body.

Boyd had hardly conceived this idea when he hastened to dismiss it in favor of another than ran along more startling lines.

"Why, to be sure, they must be chaps connected with the same secret clique to which our lamented friend, Gerald Carroll, belonged, playing the part of Spanish visitors to the great French seaport so as to pick up interesting news that will bring joy to those cunning men who hold the other end of the string in Berlin's Wilhelmstrasse. Spaniards, bluff Britons, canny Scotchmen, argumentative Yankees, smooth-tongued Italians, or execrable Frenchmen—it is all the same to these German secret agents who have but one grand idea at heart, which is to play the game in favor of the Fatherland—sacrifice everything for the coming of the day when Germany shall stand on top, and rule the whole world."

Having reached such a conclusion, Boyd was naturally curious to know just how the two men suspected he might be one of their number; but that was not a very difficult question to answer. He had made a discovery when of an investigative turn of mind, and had found certain papers secreted in the lining of the coat belonging to the departed Carroll. These, among other things, carried full instructions by means of which one agent could communicate with others, even to whom he might up to that time have been unknown. And ever since landing at Havre, Boyd had been carrying in the cap given him by the commander of the French destroyer a little shred of yellow ribbon.

He looked more closely, and found that both of the other men had some such insignia about their persons; with one it was a cream-colored tie that ill became his swarthy complexion, while the second chap jauntily wore a flower of the same general hue in his buttonhole.

When he made this discovery, Boyd chuckled as tho pleased. To be sure, they were members of the secret clique, some of that numerous band of German spies with which poor France, as well as every other country under the sun, had been overrun for years, so that hardly a state secret could escape being learned and communicated to those wise heads up in the great Teuton capital.

"I'm delighted to know you, my fine fellows," he was saying to himself, grimly. "Nevertheless, just now it might be rather inconvenient for me to rub elbows with such a worthy couple. Even the possession of a coat that had belonged to one of the clan might not keep me from betraying the imposition, once we got to talking. And so, remembering that there is a signal warning others not to appear to recognize the one who makes it, on account of danger hovering near, I'll give them the high sign to sheer off. They needn't fear that I'll forget them, tho, and before many hours pass, perhaps, two clever rogues may find themselves locked behind stout bars, with their talons clipped."

So he proceeded to give the gesture, thrice repeated, which the directions on the onion-skin paper found under the lining of the coat had emphasized as imperative and never to be ignored. It amused him to see the sudden consternation of the pair. Immediately they lost all interest in his personality, and from the manner in which they glanced nervously about it became evident that they more than half anticipated discovering some gendarme approaching, or a quiet-looking man who might be an emissary of the French secret service hovering near by.

"Good-by to you, my friends," whispered Boyd, as he saw them hastening away, still volubly spouting Spanish, as tho anxious to impress every one with a conviction of their nationality. Thus they faded from his sight. "A good riddance of bad rubbish; tho after I've given the police an accurate description of that precious pair, I imagine they'll soon run them in. And having done that much for American munition supplies, as well as for our friends, the Allies, I feel that I ought to have a chance to ease my mind and conscience by resuming my own identity."

There was at least one load off his mind. When he first discovered the decided interest taken in him by the two dark-featured men, and before he heard them use Spanish words, he had begun to wonder whether they might not be some of those mysterious enemies whose shafts he had been compelled to dodge several times out in India and Japan, and whom he believed to be employed by a certain person at home who would profit exceedingly by his early taking-off.

"I had quite enough of that thing while in the Orient," he mused, as he made his way back to the main part of the city, always on the alert for anything out of the ordinary run; "and I'd dislike very much to have it bob up again here in France. As for the chaps who wear the yellow sign, they're not apt to give me any more trouble. At the same time I ought to exercise ordinary prudence, and see to it that any one who may be trying to dog my steps is thrown off the trail."

He was not lacking in money, for altho short a coat at the time the sudden sinking of the steamer caused him to jump aboard a boat in his shirt sleeves, he chanced to have his pocketbook along. Accordingly he now chartered a dilapidated car, all the good ones having been commandeered by the military authorities for army service, and for half an hour he scoured the city, dodging hither and thither in a most perplexing fashion.

Having thus thrown any would-be follower off the scent, Boyd finally concluded that it was time for his interview with the American consul. He had previously noted just where the latter's office was located, for it had a handsome flag over the doorway. Of course it was bound to be a pretty busy place when so many vessels were coming and going, carrying luxuries to America in exchange for cargoes of munitions, food, leather goods, agricultural implements, and the giant tractors used for hauling monster guns.

Everywhere Boyd looked he saw many signs that France was leaning heavily on Uncle Sam for supplies with which to carry on the war and feed her armies in the field, as well as to take care of the harvests back of the lines. It gave him a sense of participation. He believed that the time was near at hand when the full force of American capital and public opinion would be thrust into this world crisis to swing things to the side of democracy. And he was glad of it, for already the terrible devastation of many countries had put civilization back toward the borders of barbarism; and unless this stopped erelong, the world would not be a fit place to live in.

He left the hired car at a corner, and speedily reached the consulate. It was undoubtedly a busy time of the day, but Boyd believed he could gain an immediate audience with the representative of Washington, when he had sent in a few urgent lines, and had given perhaps a slight hint that his business was of vast importance to the United States Government, as well as France.

Upon entering, he found himself faced by a Cerberus who jealously guarded the portal; but when this giant spoke in plain American language Boyd knew he would have no difficulty in making the impression he wanted.

"I want to see the consul on most important business," he told the man in his impressive way. "All I ask of you is to let me write a few lines, which please put in his hands. I will then go away if he says he cannot see me now."

Whether anything further passed between Boyd and the doorkeeper it is not at all necessary to state here; but at least he was given the privilege of writing a dozen lines, which communication must have rather startled the consul, for the man came hastily out before a minute had passed.

"He will see you right away, sir," the latter explained to the smiling Boyd, who believed he had read the signs aright, "so please follow me to his private room."

"IF"

If all the wealth of all the isles,
Were mine and to command,
The gold of Persia and Peru
And for Golconda's land,
The unknown mines the caverns hide,
Of earth or depths of sea,
I count them dross, Dear Heart, beside
The love I have for Thee.

If all the days of all the years
Since God let down the scroll
Of heaven and the firmament,
Were mine and to control,
And all the years that ever were
And all that yet may be—
I'd count them short, Dear Heart, to tell
The love I have for Thee.

—JAMES C. THRELFALL.

CHAPTER XI.

THE AMERICAN CONSUL.

"I'M PLEASED to meet you, Mr. Kennedy," was the warm greeting of the consul, as he offered Boyd his hand, when the Cerberus had withdrawn and closed the office door behind him. "This is an interesting thing you hint at. I should be delighted to have you tell me all about it. And so you were on the French vessel torpedoed when within a hundred miles of port? That is an experience few people would care to undergo."

"You will think me a Jonah, I'm afraid, sir," Boyd told him, "when you learn that I was picked up by that same French vessel from an open boat in which, with a number of others, I had been drifting on the sea for several days, the steamer on which I left England having struck a floating mine, and sunk so fast that in the darkness many were lost."

"I can see that you have a most unusual story to tell me, Mr. Kennedy," continued the consul, his eyes lighting up with interest. "It is true that my position here brings me in touch with some astonishing happenings, but I suspect that you can spin a yarn likely to outdo anything I have heard this year. I am ready to listen now, so please proceed."

Boyd Kennedy knew how to give the gist of a story without becoming wearisome. He did so simply by stating that he had taken passage on a steamer bound for New York, and how, when out a day and part of a night from a certain English port, there had come a sudden terrific explosion, which he believed must have been caused by contact with a floating mine, possibly set in the track of transatlantic steamers by some German submarine fitted for that especial purpose.

Rapidly he sketched what had followed, laying especial stress on his donning of the coat belonging to one of the two passengers who had been washed overboard by the hungry waves. He made as light as he could of his own particular doings, and merely mentioned that there were a little woman and her child among those saved. Then he took up the subject of the letters discovered in the coat pocket, and how they seemed to prove conclusively that the man going by the name of Gerald Carroll, and claiming to be an Englishman, was in reality a German spy bound for America with the design of furthering certain plots connected with the destruction of munition plants, as well as various schemes for placing bombs aboard freighters laden with cargoes that were bound for Allied ports, and the loss of which when in midocean would not only be a severe blow to the enemies of Germany, but also serve to warn America to keep hands off—all being done in the interest of that "frightfulness" calcu-

lated to win the world for the Teuton race.

The consul sat there and kept his eyes glued on the strong face of the speaker. He was undoubtedly greatly impressed with what he had already heard, and could give a shrewd guess that there were still more thrilling things to come.

It might be noticed that little mention was made of the Red Cross nurse, save to say that there was a wearer of the sacred emblem of mercy aboard the French liner, bound for the hospitals of Paris to give what aid lay in her power to the sorely overworked corps under the great American surgeon, Dr. Blake.

Lightly he sketched what followed, telling how the waiting submarine showed a periscope and the ready French commander immediately headed his boat for it, as the only way to avoid the expected torpedo; but how a companion submersible must have seized upon the chance to dispatch a similar destructive missile at the steamer's unprotected side while passing.

So in this brief way did Boyd tell how he and the Red Cross nurse, having been favored by Fortune so that they came upon a boat half filled with water, managed to keep themselves afloat thru the balance of that day and the succeeding night, to be eventually picked up by a French destroyer, and carried to port.

"Now, be pleased to glance over this sheaf of incriminating letters, sir," he went on to say in conclusion. "By reading between the lines you will plainly see what this man, the owner of the very coat I am wearing, had arranged to do after he landed in America. There are also allusions to other vast projects which doubtless will be recognized by the French secret service men, after you have concluded to get into communication with them, which I trust will be immediately."

He had previously arranged the packet of letters in the order of their reception by the one to whom they were addressed, so that the consul might the more readily grasp the full significance of what he was reading.

As he proceeded the latter showed positive signs of growing interest, all of which pleased Kennedy immensely. Apparently he need have no fear of failing to secure what he had come for, which was the cooperation of the consul in his plans.

"A most interesting budget of letters I must say, Mr. Kennedy!" declared the other, after he had completed his task, not letting a single missive go without attention. "By a strange accident you have undoubtedly unearthed a wide-flung conspiracy that had for its object the destruction of much valuable property in our far-away America. That man has probably gone to his account, but he was only one spoke in the great wheel. A score of others stand ready to fill the gap his passing has created. I shall take steps immediately to put Washington on the 'track, in the hope that a number of these daring spies may be caught red-handed. I expect you mean to leave these letters with me, sir?"

"I most certainly do, and for many reasons," Boyd assured him, heartily enough. "When I made this most interesting discovery, of course this coat assumed a much more important role in my eyes than ever before. I examined it closely, and found that the lining had been opened and carefully sewed up again. On investigating I discovered a thin paper which I think is called onion paper, for it does not rustle, and its presence under the lining cannot be noticed. This contained in German certain directions which were to be observed by all those acting under the authority of Wilhelmstrasse. It gave me some interesting information, which already has played a little part in saving me from annoyance."

Thereupon he proceeded to tell how, after seeing the Red Cross nurse off for the French capital, he had noticed two dark-faced strangers watching him, how he guessed that they were members of the secret clique by their display of the authorized yellow, and with what ease he had sent them scurrying off, under the impression that there was danger hovering near.

"In this little paper found under the coat lining," he continued, "I learned that the original owner, who perished thru the agency of the same terrible weapon which he helped to forge, while known under the name of Gerald Carroll, was in reality one Fritz Klauss; but I will say he played the part of an Englishman to the queen's taste. And after I leave Havre, of course I expect to drop all connection with this case. Thrown into the game by a strange freak of fortune, I have simply let myself drift with the tide, in the hope of being instrumental in uncovering what seemed like a gigantic conspiracy. But now my work is done I shall be only too glad to assume my own identity. It may be patriotic enough to take the part of a spy working against your own country, but it gives one a sensation far from pleasant. Besides, one's friends are apt to feel hurt under the shocking belief that you have lowered your standard of honor."

The consul thrust his hand out again. He seemed to understand that this man had acted from the most lofty of motives, and at a distinct sacrifice of his finer feelings.

"You have undoubtedly done your country, yes, and France, too—a great service, Mr Kennedy. I wish to thank you most heartily for taking all this trouble. Believe me, I shall lose no time in getting in touch with the authorities here, since I am already intimately acquainted with the chief of police, who is an exceedingly clever official. If you do not leave for Paris until the next train, you may find that you are watched, since it is likely they may expect to catch some of these sly spies thru using you as a bait. If such a thing should happen, and you recognize your former accomplices—pardon the word, but you understand how it is meant to be used—it may be well for you to give some sort of signal. Then, if there are French secret service men lingering near, something may happen to surprise those wolves in sheep's clothing."

"Suppose we arrange the signal in this way," suggested Boyd, readily falling in with the scheme, which suited his purposes admirably. "If I recognize those two men again, I will turn my back deliberately on them, and at the same time take out my handkerchief, give the same a wave, and then blow my nose three times loudly."

"Excellent!" agreed the consul. "I will be sure to inform my friend, the chief, of the arrangement, and you may depend on it that the secret some of his men will be there to carry out their part of the scheme. You have given me a most interesting half-hour, Mr. Kennedy. If I can do anything for you in return, please let me know. That is a part of my obligation while acting as consul here. Perhaps it may be that you may have lost everything when compelled to quit the British steamer so hastily at the time it struck that floating mine?"

"Thank you many times for your kind suggestion," the other hastened to say; "but luckily I am well supplied with abundant funds, and if I need more I can get all I want when I reach Paris. But I take the will for the deed, and am just as much obliged as tho I accepted your generous offer. I may be back here later on, if I conclude to sail for America, and possibly at such time you can assist me in securing a berth on a steamer leaving Havre for New York."

"You will find me only too glad of the opportunity to serve you, Mr. Kennedy," the beaming consul told him, as he arose to depart. "And, when you get to Paris, if by any accident you should happen to again meet that brave little Red Cross nurse, who has come all the way thru submarine-infested waters to do her bit for humanity where help is so badly needed, why, please give her my compliments, assure her that Americans are proud of her kind, and honor them above all women!"

Why should Boyd turn furiously red, and laugh in a half-confused fashion, just because the sagacious consul bit read between the lines, and intuitively guessed what the nature of the lode-stone must be that was drawing him to Paris, he who had been headed the other way only recently?

"All right, sir. I certainly will deliver your kind message, if by any lucky chance I should run across Nurse Thompson again," he managed to say, his eye meeting the twinkling ones of the official boldly enough.

To his surprise the consul started, and went on to say hastily:

"In the endless mass of duties that fall to my share day after day, I had almost forgotten something, and your mention of that name brought it to my mind. Now I can place it in your power to find an opportunity for seeing the young lady again in Paris; since a cablegram came for her in my care. See, here it is, with the inscription, 'Miss Ann Carey Thompson, Red Cross nurse, to arrive on the steamer Champlain.' How stupid of me to forget it, and how delighted I am at being able to repair my blunder, as well as possibly serving others."

He had already as he placed the envelope in the outstretched hand of the other; because, of course, Boyd made haste to reach for it.

"I see you are a reader of human nature, Mr. Consul," he went on to say, with a smile that the other returned. "Well what of it? She is a most adorable little creature, and a lady to her finger-tips. Besides, I consider her doubly entitled to the honorable regard of all true Americans for what she has undertaken to do in the service of humanity. And so I thank you again, sir, and wish you good day."

CHAPTER XII.

THOSE WHO PLAY WITH FIRE.

IT WAS with a much lighter heart that Boyd Kennedy quitted the office of the obliging American consul. He felt that he had done his full duty by acquainting the authorities with the amazing discovery he had made thru such a remarkable accident. The rest would devolve upon them, since he hereby washed his hands of the mess.

From that time forward he meant to be once more plain Boyd Kennedy, citizen of the greatest republic on earth, and master of his own fate. Yes, and he already found himself looking forward with considerable satisfaction to a certain interview which he meant to have as soon after landing in Paris as he could arrange it.

A vague sense of uneasiness somehow seemed to possess him when thinking of the one who wore that magical red cross on her sleeve and her cap. All sorts of possibilities associated with trouble persisted in disturbing his thoughts. What if she had decided not to stop in Paris, but to go directly on to the front, to serve in one of those field hospitals so close to the firing line that frequently monster shells thrown from guns ten miles and more distant were known to explode in a hospital, killing nurses and patients and surgeons!

It gave him a cold chill even to think of such a dreadful thing happening to Nurse Thompson! He would urge upon her not to dream of leaving Paris on such a dangerous mission; there were many others far better fitted to accept of these perils than one who at best was only a beginner—as she had admitted to him, her experience being more theoretical than practical.

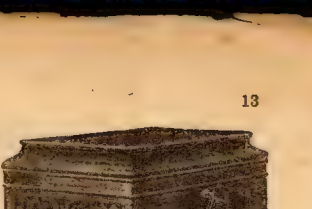
He looked at his timepiece every few minutes. The minutes seemed to drag along so slowly that more than once Boyd might have been seen to lift his watch and place it close to his ear, under the suspicion that it really must have stopped; but in each instance he realized his mistake, and took himself to task for being foolish.

Havre might have interested him greatly at another time, because there were certainly innumerable things happening all the time calculated to arrest the attention of just such a world wanderer and seeker after the bizarre and unusual in the great marts of men. But somehow these palled on him now, much to his surprise when he came to notice the novel fact.

"Why do they let such a terribly long time elapse between trains running to Paris, I wonder?" he grumbled, when he found that he still had three-quarters of an hour to wait. "But I suppose they are short of motive power and cars, as well as everything else connected with railways; for the war has lasted more than two years now, and few mechanics can be spared from the firing line to carry on their ordinary trades. I'll just have to grin and bear it. Perhaps, now, if I could only find some decent weeds to smoke, it might help a lot."

He proceeded to institute a search, the consul having given him one cigar that was fairly good; so he supposed others might be found, tho tobacco shops are really a government monopoly in France.

(Continued on Page 23.)



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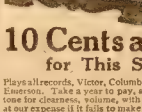

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Helping Win the War

In the last two numbers of the Ledger were published several stories concerning women's activities in helping to win the war. Here are some others.

She's a Camp Mother.

BEING a mother to several thousands of soldier boys and a comforter and adviser to mothers, sisters and wives is a big task that often brings heartaches and makes the world seem all too hard and cruel at times. But in the long run it pays big dividends, not in cold cash, but in the satisfaction that comes from doing good, from brightening sad hearts and from changing a feeling of utter despair, tinged with resentment, into one of patriotic sacrifice.

The real mother of camp Funston, however, is not the kind of a camp mother that spends her time talking to the Tuesday afternoon knitting set or in reading a paper on "The Dangers That Must Be Eliminated" to the members of the Progressive Whist Club.

From 7 o'clock in the morning until the last good-by has been said, until the last sobbing mother has kissed her soldier son farewell and the doors of the Y. W. C. A. Hostess house have been closed at 9:30 at night, this is kind dispenser of cheer and comfort is on the job. She is not young, not old in appearance, a tinge of gray in her hair being offset by a young face that fairly radiates happiness. She is motherly.

And Mrs. Marion Allen of Denver, who has done volunteer work for Judge Ben Lindsay and other work of uplift and of a philanthropic nature, who is Camp Funston's real "mother," altho her official title is "hostess," is tireless in her endeavors—and happy. She is happy in making others happy, or at least making them less sad.

D. E. D.

MRS. EFFIE M. NATTIER.

A. A. NATTIER, judge of the probate court of Wilson County, Kan., felt the war call so strongly that he took the training course for officers at Fort Sheridan, Ill., and came out a lieutenant. Governor Capper then named Mrs. Nattier to the probate judgeship. She is the fifth to hold such an office in the State, but the first to be named under war service.

Saves in Many Ways.

WHILE I have always considered myself an economical housekeeper, I find that I can still save in many ways.

When using sugar for cooking or baking, I always use a few teaspoonfuls less, and find the result just the same.

In using flour, no matter how small the amount left on the baking board, it is resifted and put into the can, which I keep for thickening purposes.

In using fats of any kind I try to use the exact quantity; if there is a little left in the spider it is saved in a cup.

If the griddle for cakes is rubbed over with a sliced raw potato, the cakes will be a beautiful brown and there will be no smoke; a great saving of fat also.

In the basement I keep a flower watering can, filled with water, and each shovelful of coal that goes into the furnace is slightly wet; it makes a better fire and lasts longer.

C. S. F.

Works in Grocery.

MISS MARGARET HYAMS, high school girl of San Rafael, Cal., has donned a garb of her own make and is doing the "outside" work of her father's grocery store, taking the place of her brothers, Joseph and Frank, who have enlisted in the Army. Miss Hyams has done her work without neglecting her studies. She takes orders in the morning and makes her morning deliveries in an automobile in time to get to school by 9 o'clock. After school she works for two or three hours.

"I can't fight," said Miss Hyams, "but I can take the place of a couple of good fighters. Both my brothers are in the Army, and either one of them could lick a dozen Germans. I think I am doing my bit by making it possible for my brothers to go."

And She Is Seventy!

I WANT to tell you the story of Mrs Chris White of Dell Rapids, S. D. I think she ranks high among those who are doing their bits for their country in time of need. She raised her own sheep, sheared them, cleaned and carded the wool, made yarn, colored it the Red Cross gray, and knitted socks, sweaters and helmets for her grandsons in the Army and for a few of the other boys "over there." And Mrs. White is 70 years old. Here is what she said about her remarkable feat:

"What I did for the soldier boys isn't much. When I sheared the sheep, washed and combed the wool, spun the yarn and knit the socks I had no idea of anybody taking any notice of it. I simply did it for the soldiers. To me it seems very easy, because it is something I learned in childhood.

"Up here, you know, we women can't run to the store every time we need a little yarn. And they charge too much for the yarn, much more than they ought to, considering what they pay us for the wool we sell.

"It takes me about a week, from the time I cut the wool from the sheep's back to the time when I have finished a pair of socks. Of course I have my housework to take care of, and must take good care of my husband."

A. J. K.

Women Pledge Aid.

RESOLUTIONS for American citizens, which, if followed, will solve many perplexing problems now confronting the food administration and will go a long way toward winning the war, have been prepared by the Ramsey County (Minnesota) Women's War Organization for 1918.

The resolutions follow:

"As my patriotic duty for 365 days I will refrain from eating meat one day a week, wheat one day a week and pork one day a week.

"I will eat but four tablespoonfuls of sugar a day in my food.

"I will eat plentifully of fish, cheese, nuts and beans and I will substitute sirup and honey for sugar.

"I will practice thrift, and sacrifice personal pleasure to help my country win the war.

"I will bear in mind constantly my fellow men who are fighting to protect my liberty."

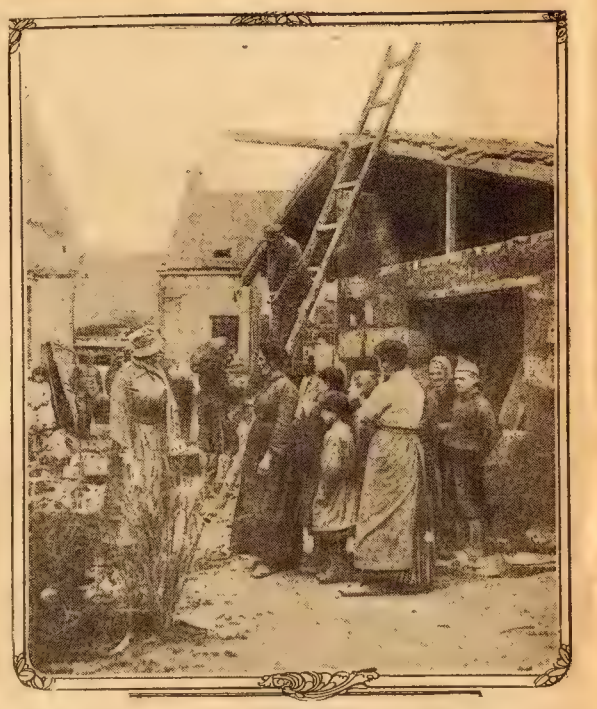
W. P. B.

One Woman's War Work.

MRS. JULIA A. LAUGHLIN has just been appointed stationmaster at Ames, Iowa. Her duties consist of selling tickets, checking baggage, handling the incoming and outgoing mail, announcing the arrival and departure of trains. She is an expert telegrapher and handles the dispatcher's key with the speed of an old-timer. Mrs. Laughlin is a widow; her husband for thirty years was a conductor. Her appointment is being watched with interest by the executives with a view of installing women hereafter wherever possible.

A Railway Mail Clerk.

MISS ELSIE KADEN of San Francisco, 20 years old, is the first woman of the United States to be sworn in as a railway mail clerk. Miss Kaden was appointed under civil service, her examination papers receiving a mark of 98 per cent, the highest of a list of 300.



MISS ANNE MORGAN, head of the American Fund for French Wounded Reconstruction Unit, is shown superintending in person the rebuilding of ruined peasant homes in the Aisne district of France. This unit works directly under the army authorities. It not only rebuilds homes but supplies the refugees with household necessities, clothing and farm implements.

Rebuilding the Ravages of War

MISS MARGARET STEVENSON, coworker of Miss Anne Morgan in devastated France, has recently arrived in this country with the first direct news of the reconstruction work already accomplished by this American Fund for French Wounded unit, composed of ten American women.

Miss Stevenson told of twenty-seven villages they have partly rehabilitated, of 5,000 acres of land they have had cultivated, hundreds of refugee families they have clothed, fed and installed in houses they have furnished; classes they are running for children who have run wild since the beginning of the German occupation, and of the community center they have established at Blerancourt, in the heart of the ravaged region.

"We are living in rude wooden barracks built on the ruins of the old chateau of Blerancourt," said Miss Stevenson. "Our barracks are furnished with the same unpainted furniture and plain iron beds that we give to the peasants. The heads of our unit, Miss Anne Morgan and Miss Anne Dike, share with us in this primitive life.

"They are up at 7 o'clock in the morning, tidy up their huts, help with the dishes, and then are off about their duties, visiting the refugees, finding out their wants and helping install them in temporary shelters. Both Miss Morgan and Miss Dike speak French as well as they do English, and they have entered deeply into the lives of the people.

"Something approaching normal village life has been restored to the communities under the care of the American Fund unit. The French government has placed the unit in charge of the Aisne and Somme districts, both of which were systematically devastated by the Germans. Our unit is militarized and works directly under the French army.

"Thru the military authorities, Miss Morgan has obtained valuable aid. Soldiers on eight-day leave from the trenches are put, under her direction, to help rebuild shattered homes and plow the neglected fields. There are no able-bodied men or women left in this part of France.

"When the Germans retreated they swept the civilians before them. All who were able to work for them they kept behind their lines; the nonproducers—that is, the feeble old people and the small children—they have allowed to return. These are the refugees, the people we have to help make homes for and make self-supporting.

"They are wonderful, too, these old people. They return to their destroyed homes worn out with suffering and hardships, but no sooner are they on their beloved soil again than they seem revitalized, filled with energy, and the desire to restore all that has been destroyed. They build one-room shelters for themselves from the ruins of their once comfortable homes, or else their government puts up small demountable wooden houses for them.

"These we furnish with everything they need to start home life anew—beds, bedding, chairs, kitchen utensils, and we supply them with clothing and foodstuffs. Everything that is sent to us from America we give them without cost, but the stoves and kitchen utensils that we buy in Paris we sell for two-thirds the cost.

"Miss Morgan gave a big Christmas festival for all the children. They need toys and sweets to make them real children again. They are such serious little things now. They never laugh or play. Most of them have had to work in the fields under harsh German taskmasters, and they have forgotten how to play in these three terrible years."

ENTIRE FAMILY IN SERVICE.

The family of William Piggott of Negaunee, Mich., probably can boast of being the only entire family in the United States in the service of the Nation.

Every member, including the father, two sons and a daughter, now is overseas in the service of Uncle Sam. William Piggott, the father, being an experienced railroad man, is now in France with the railroad corps. His youngest son joined the regulars and was one of the first men to set foot on French soil.

The daughter then joined the American Hospital Service and is over in France now with the unit endowed by Miss Hill, daugnter of the late James J. Hill. The oldest son joined the National Guard and has reached France as a part of the Rainbow Division.

MARINES.

Jack Jones was showing his father and mother the sights to be seen on one of our latest battleships. The old lady, after asking numerous questions, suddenly spotted a squad of marines lined up ready for inspection by the officer. She pounced suddenly on the sturdy seaman and said:

"Whatever do they keep a regiment of soldiers on board for?"

The old man turned round fiercely on his wife and said:

"Maria, don't show your ignorance so much. You ought to know very well what them marines are for; they are kept for the sailors to spin yarns to."

What Does Married Life Mean to You?

WHY is it that when the average person decides to write, it usually is on the subject of marriage? Because it is close to most people's hearts. Here are some things about marriage, written in several veins:

War and Marriage.

CUPID and Venus, the preachers, the sociologists and even the neighborhood matchmakers, will have to give the matrimonial stakes now to the god of war. That the old-time custom of getting married is being revived, is evidenced by the increase in matrimony in the last "war year." Thruout the country, it is generally estimated that marriages have increased at least 33 per cent since the boys began to put on olive drab and the bands to play martial music.

"Of course," says the cynic, "those slackers——"

But they didn't—not altogether.

Then why does a battle march find its echo in a wedding march? Why does a call to arms work both ways? Carrying the idea still farther, why must a soldier be led to two altars?

"Lure of the uniform," says a social worker.

"Moonlight nights and fond farewells," says a lieutenant.

"Security from house rent and coal bills," declares the cynic.

"Contagion of the idea of sacrifice," explains the psychologist.

A war bridegroom who is an officer explains it thus:

"Men and women get less selfish in time of war. They are willing to take risks, suffer inconveniences they would not tolerate in time of peace. The man feels he wants to found a home before he takes the chance of leaving the world. And weepy good-bys, tears and sighs as well as the ever present warning that life is fleeting pave the way for proposals."

Here is a woman psychologist's view: "With war brides and grooms it is love, sympathy, understanding," she says. "The love of the woman for her soldier hero, his devotion to her, made ideal thru the stress of being wedded only to part.

"So he goes to fight for his country with the strength of two. This man rode a home before he married away. It takes homes to make a country. The psychology of it is absolutely consistent because it is naturally constructive."

Right here, the cynic, who a while ago suggested that war grooms had a freedom from furniture buying and grocery bills, might add that the young women probably want to sign up their lovers in such a manner that they will be immune from the flirtations of the 2,000,000 French women said to be in the market for husbands.

The war bride herself, tho, probably will tell you that she never knew how wonderful George was until she saw him take up his job in the clothing store and walk right up to the recruiting station and offer to go over and whip the whole German army single handed. He at once became a brave, unselfish hero to her and when she saw him in olive drab with the band playing "The Star Spangled Banner" she was carried away in such a torrent of love that she would have gone with him to the Justice of the peace on a moment's notice.

She Would Do It Over.

MY MARRIAGE was a funny affair, resulting from the sadness of life. The only daughter of well-to-do parents, after graduation I settled down on the farm to care for three motherless children and make a happy home.

When I was 34, the beau who happened to be on deck at that particular time, tho the poorest of the bunch, succeeded in getting me to say "yes" to the question I had always answered in the negative. It was hard to set the day. I had held off so long. His got a house and furnished it, the surroundings were made ideal and a garden was planted. Peas were the first crop to mature, and the lover said he planted them for our use, not to sell. This was too much, and the next time he mentioned the all-important subject we were taking a walk after supper and I said I believed I was as near ready as I ever would be, so we hurried back to the farm and I donned a pearl colored silk gown in which my great-grandmother was married in January, 1800, and we were married. Afterward I enjoyed telling my friends I was in such a hurry I did not take time to change my shoes. It is not so much whom you marry as it is whether you will pull together well.

His father was the poorest in the town, mine the richest, and the one circumstance often may be as unfortunate as the other. He needed some one to make him save and I needed some one to make me spend. A union of opposites, which works toward a happy medium.

His father couldn't give us a dollar. Neither would my father. But each of us helped the other to overcome obstacles, we refused to know the meaning of failure and thus we met success. He is wealthier than he ever dreamed of being and I am happier than I ever imagined any married woman could be.

Right living and unselfish love makes for a spirituality that is a blessing to the world. When you help others you are helping yourself in the best way. Love that does not last is not love.

I would marry my husband over again, not because he is the handsomest or most perfect man in the world, but because the obstacles we have overcome have made life dear to us. Happiness comes from within and is more a matter of heredity than environment.

A home and garden, with children, books and the love of nature is an ideal state and I wish every marriage might be as happy as mine. J. G.

She Had Him Worried.

FOR the last six weeks my wife has been receiving from some mysterious source letters written in an unfamiliar handwriting and has been answering them. On several occasions when I happened to come into her room she has been writing and hastily hid the letters. She has acted so secretive about the whole thing that it aroused my jealousy and I demanded to see the letters; she refused to give them up and I flew into a rage, and before my very face she burned the letters. It worked on me so that I bribed the little kid on the floor below to steal one of the letters from the mail box. Night before last the youngster met me at the elevated station with two letters he had swiped. And guess my surprise when I opened those to find them from jackies to whom wifey had evidently written. And they addressed her as Mrs., so they know she's married; and it's all O. K., for I know that wifey has a good heart and plenty of time, and she sure can write some very interesting and entertaining letters. I haven't any objections to her writing to those lonely boys—in fact, I'm glad to have her—but for heaven's sake why act like a detective about it. When I got home that night I handed her the opened letters, confessed my part in the plot and told her to go to it and write a hundred letters to our boys at the front. Z. J.

Does Money Count?

A CLEVELAND judge has declared that no couple should marry on an income of less than $100 a month.

Here is where Cupid is put out of business. The little god is no auditor of accounts.

Really, income is the least important thing in happy marriage, and has been such ever since the red roses of love first began blooming in the human heart.

The things absolutely essential to the happy home are strangely few: Chief among them are labor and love. Neither of these costs money. But both of them often fly from it.

The world is full of want, but of actual starvation there is little. Want and need are by no means synonymous.

It is a nice question whether there are not more people who have more than is really good for them than people who have not enough. The greatest injuries and crimes against mankind and self today are committed by the ultra-rich.

The cost of living cannot be fixed by any standard. It ranges from $300 a year for some preachers of the Gospel to $300,000 a year for some gamblers in stocks; but home happiness is not in proportion to income.

The average income of families in the whole United States is less than $500 a year.

Wears Sneaky Heels.

HER feet! She wears these sneaky rubber heels, and tho I don't want her to kick up a racket every time she steps blithely across the floor, I do want to know when she is around. She doesn't allow me to smoke and, believe me, it's awful when I'm serenely settled, thinking I'm putting one over, to have her standing right next to me. I recently had my heart tested, but the M. D. said there wasn't anything wrong with it. Yet I don't understand how there could help but be. A. S.

SUGAR ALWAYS ON HAND TO FILL ORDERS

SAVE FROM 1/3 TO 1/2 ON YOUR GROCERIES

NOTE: Don't alter, simply mark an X in circle indicating quantity and article desired and cut on this dotted line.

Learn how you can reduce the high cost of living. We have solved the problem for you. This advertisement shows you the way. You should eliminate waste in every form. Paying your retail grocer prices from 30% to 50% higher than you could pay us is needless waste—money thrown away.

The duty of everyone is to practice the strictest economy. Many mail order houses waste thousands of dollars daily sending their expensive catalogs to people who never buy from them. We eliminate this waste and sell for less by sending our catalogs only to people who prove their sincerity by taking advantage of the big savings and SPECIAL CASH DISCOUNT offered in this advertisement.

Don't pay the high prices and exhorbitant profits some grocers demand.

Come to us and Buy at WHOLESALE.

Many items in our Catalog are sold for less than you could buy them three or four years ago. If you are a regular customer you will be protected against unreasonable prices. Send for a Trial Order and get our Big Bargain Catalog. Quit paying tribute to the unscrupulous profiteer—buy from us and save from one-third to one-half.

Guarantee Each and every item we sell is guaranteed to be exactly as represented, the best that money can buy. However, should you be in any way dissatisfied, simply return your entire order and get your money back. We guarantee that you will never lose a penny in your dealings with us.

Special Cash Discount. In addition to extremely low prices quoted on each article, we give a special discount on all orders. The cash coupon printed in the right hand corner of this advertisement when sent with an order for $3.25 or more from the following list will be accepted the same as 25c cash. In other words, if your order amounts to $3.25, send us the coupon and only $3.00; if $3.50 send the coupon and only $3.25, etc. Equally large discounts are allowed on all orders selected from our BIG BARGAIN CATALOG.

Note We reserve the right to return any money sent us for groceries contrary to our selling plan.

In our big BARGAIN CATALOG, included with your first order, you will find hundreds and hundreds of great bargains which you are privileged to buy in any quantities desired.

Select and send us your order today, but remember that we do not ship any order totaling less than $3.25, as it neither pays you nor us to order in smaller quantities. Simply enclose this coupon with money, draft or check and this list of the items checked. Start saving money on your groceries today. Show us that you really want to economize on your groceries and you will receive our big BARGAIN CATALOG and MONTHLY BULLETINS FREE. Thousands of house-wives have joined in our fight against the high cost of living. Enlist in this great army and reduce your grocery bills from one-third to one-half.

MONEYWORTH
Wholesale Grocers
Dept. 21. 1402 So. Ashland Ave.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Make X in Circles	Our Wholesale Prices To You
☑ **Best Pure Granulated Sugar**—5 lb. limit	
○—Per 1 lb	$0.07½
○—Per 3 lbs	.15
○—Per 5 lbs	.39
○—**Quaker Oats**, large size, approx. val. 12c, per pkg.	.06
○—**Uneeda Biscuits**, full size, per pkg., approx. val. 8c	.02
○—**Evaporated Milk**, Pet, Van Camp's or Carnation, per baby can, approx. val. 10c	.06
○—**Ivory Soap**, per bar, approx. val. 8c	.02
○—**Proctor & Gamble's Maple City Laundry Soap**, per large bar, approx. val. 7c	.02
○—**Campbell's Tomato Soup**, approx. val. 15c, per can	.08
○—**Gold Dust Washing Powder**, approx. val. 7c, per pkg.	.02
○—**American Family Soap**, approx. val. 7c, per bar	.02
○—**Yeast Foam**, approx. val. 5c, per pkg	.02
Coffee. Money's worth in rich, full flavor and mellowed quality. This coffee possesses unusual distinction, carefully blended and mellowed to rich, full flavor will make a very sweet drink.	
○—2 lbs., approx. val. 90c	.70
○—3 lbs., approx. val. $1.35	1.00
○—5 lbs., approx. val. $2.25	1.60
Uncolored Japan Tea, quality will satisfy the most particular. New crop from selected gardens. Unequalled for aroma, flavor and strength.	
○—1 lb., approx. val 80c	.57
○—3 lbs., approx. val. $2.40	1.65
○—5 lbs., approx. val. $4.00	2.75
Gem Last Peas. New crop, high grade quality, nutritious, good food value.	
○—1 lb., approx. val. 25c	.14
○—3 lbs., approx. val. 75c	.40
○—5 lbs., approx. val. $1.25	.65
Fresh Mince Meat. Has all the meat suet, spices, etc. necessary to make the finest pie that is. Every package is wrapped in waxed paper. Will keep indefinitely.	
○—1 pkg., approx. val. 20c	.15
○—3 pkgs., approx. val. 60c	.40
○—5 pkgs., approx. val. $1.00	.70
Cocoa. Pure, high grade Breakfast Cocoa, highest quality, delicious beverage, ideal drink for children as well as grown-ups.	
○—1 lb., approx. val. 60c	.33
○—3 lbs., approx. val. $1.80	.90
○—5 lbs., approx. val. $3.00	1.50
Baking Powder. Conforms to all Pure Food Laws, both State and National, high quality, uniform strength, satisfaction guaranteed.	
○—1 lb., approx. val. 50c	.39
○—2 lbs., approx. val. $1.00	.70
○—3 lbs., approx. val. $1.50	1.00
○—**Molasses.** Pure baking molasses, one can, approx. value 15c	$0.14
Bluing. Richly concentrated liquid bluing. Will make clothes snowy white. One bottle is equal in strength to one gallon ordinary bluing.	
○—1 bottle, approx. val. 30c	.23
○—2 bottles, approx. val. $1.17	.60
○—5 bottles, approx. val. $1.95	1.00
Libby's Sliced Beef. Roseda Brand, in glass tumblers.	
○—1 pkg., approx. val. 20c	.18
○—3 pkgs., approx. val. 60c	.54
○—5 pkgs., approx. val. $1.25	.90
Tomatoes. Standard thin, new pack, No. 3 size cans, approx. val. 15c, can	.10
Table Salt. Full size package, free running.	
○—1 pkg., approx. val. 12c	.09
○—3 pkgs., approx. val. 35c	.27
○—5 pkgs., approx. val. 60c	.43

Don't Forget

we send our BARGAIN CATALOG only to those who send us a trial order. With your order we will include our catalog which contains hundreds and hundreds of equally great bargains.

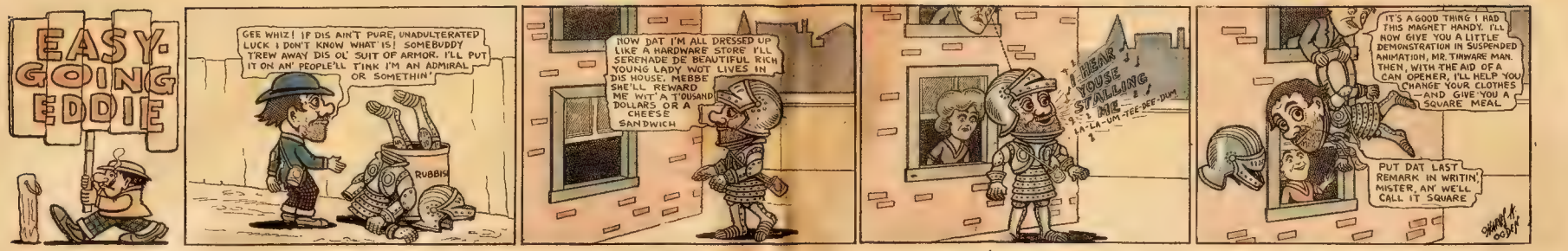
	Our Wholesale Prices To You
Tomato Puree. Best for making Tomato Soup. No. 1 size cans. ○—approx. val. 10c, can	.10
B. & M. Pork and Beans. New pack, very delicious, approx. val. 10c, can	.16
Raisins. Sun dried, golden yellow bleached, best quality grown in Cal ○—1 lb., approx. val 25c	.20
○—3 lbs., approx. val. 75c	.60
○—5 lbs. approx. val. $1.25	1.00
Sardines. Fried in best oil. Very appetizing.	
○—1 can, approx. val. 20c	.14
○—6 cans, approx. val. $1.20	.80
○—12 cans, approx. val. $2.40	1.50
○—**Salmon.** New pack, fancy red Alaska, finest, approx. val. 32c, per can	.28
Extract. Pure Vanilla or Lemon. To acquaint you with the high class quality of our extracts, we request that you buy one bottle.	
○—Per bottle, Vanillis, approx val. 60c	.42
○—Per bottle, Lemon, approx. val. 60c	.42
○—**Mazola Oil.** High grade, salad and cooking oil, approx. val. $15.00, 5 gallon can	12.00
Rice. Fancy head rice, new crop.	
○—1 lb., approx. val. 15c	.12
○—3 lbs., approx. val. 45c	.36
Chloride of Lime, sifting top.	
○—1 can, approx. val. 15c	.09
○—2 cans, approx. val. 30c	.18
Spices. All our spices are guaranteed pure and of the best grade the market affords.	
Black Pepper.	
○—¼ lb., approx. val. 42c	.21
○—1 lb., approx. val. 84c	.42
White Pepper.	
○—¼ lb., approx. val. 42c	.21
○—1 lb., approx. val. 84c	.42
Japan Chili Peppers.	
○—¼ lb., approx. val. 40c	.20
○—1 lb., approx. val. 80c	.40
Cinnamon.	
○—½ lb., approx. val. 45c	.23
○—1 lb., approx. val. 90c	.45
Cloves.	
○—½ lb., approx. val. 50c	.25
○—1 lb., approx. val. $1.00	.70
Mustard.	
○—¼ lb., approx. val. 35c	.17
○—1 lb., approx. val. 70c	.34
Nutmeg.	
○—½ lb., approx. val. 50c	.25
○—1 lb., approx. val. $1.00	.50
Mixed Pickling Spices.	
○—½ lb., approx. val. 30c	.15
○—1 lb., approx. val. 60c	.30
Bay Leaves.	
○—½ lb., approx. val. 18c	.15
○—1 lb., approx. val. 32c	.28
Paprika, Hungarian Sweet or Spanish, bot.	
○—½ lb., approx. val. 50c	.25
○—1 lb., approx. val. $1.00	.50
Sauer Kraut, No. 3 large size can, ○—best quality, approx. val. 25c, per can	.15

CASH COUPON—Order and Mail Today

Moneyworth Wholesale Grocers,
Dept. 21 1402 So. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I am enclosing $ and this coupon (worth twenty-five cents) for which please send me the list of groceries checked on this list. It is agreed that should I be in any way dissatisfied I can return the order at your expense, and you will refund my money at once

The above firm is thoroughly reliable, send them your order.—Independence State Bank.


EASY-GOING EDDIE
GEE WHIZ! IF DIS AIN'T PURE, UNADULTERATED LUCK I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS! SOMEBUDDY TREW AWAY DIS OL' SUIT OF ARMOR. I'LL PUT IT ON AN' PEOPLE'LL TINK I'M AN ADMIRAL OR SOMETHIN'
RUBBISH
NOW DAT I'M ALL DRESSED UP LIKE A HARDWARE STORE I'LL SERENADE DE BEAUTIFUL RICH YOUNG LADY WOT LIVES IN DIS HOUSE. MEBBE SHE'LL REWARD ME WIT' A TOUSAND DOLLARS OR A CHEESE SANDWICH
I HEAR YOUSE STALLING ME
LA-LA-UM-TEE-DEE-DUM
IT'S A GOOD THING I HAD THIS MAGNET HANDY. I'LL NOW GIVE YOU A LITTLE DEMONSTRATION IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION, MR. TINWARE MAN. THEN, WITH THE AID OF A CAN OPENER, I'LL HELP YOU CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES —AND GIVE YOU A SQUARE MEAL
PUT DAT LAST REMARK IN WRITIN', MISTER, AN' WE'LL CALL IT SQUARE

THE TEST.

A very cheery optimist,
I'm sure you will allow,
He scans the morning grocery list
With calm, unclouded brow.

MOVIEGRAPH

GEORGE BEBAN.

Explaining the Picture.

"This is my Uncle Dud Dobbs," said Miss Clessaphine Clatter, who was exhibiting the family photograph album. "No, he didn't have a strip of white whiskers growing on the front side of his neck, altho most everybody who looks at his picture asks that question. That is where his Adam's apple kept sliding up and down while he was trying to look pleasantly at the camera."

Wife Was Right.

Vexed Wife—"There is no calamity can befall a woman that I do not suffer!"

Amiable Husband—"Wrong, my dear; why, you have never been a widow."

Wife—"I said calamity, sir.'

Rope Boxes.

Miss Helen, the daughter of the family in which Jet-black Maria Jackson occasionally worked by the day, had been given a beautiful cup and saucer of rare china. She showed it to Maria and said:

"I mean to put it away in my hope box. You know what that is, Aunt Maria? It's the box a girl puts things into in the hope that she will some day need them as a bride."

"Lawzey, chile, I knows all about dem hope boxes. I got one of my own, chile."

"Why, I thought you were already married."

"I is, chile, an' my hope box is one I is puttin' money into fas' as I kin until I has enough to pay fo' a divorcement from Pete Jackson. Mos'n one kind of hope box mixed up with matrimony, Miss Helen."

An Optimist.

Hall—"Blythe is a pretty optimistic character, I hear."

Wall—"I should say so. If he failed in business he'd thank Heaven he had his health; if he failed in health he'd thank Heaven he had his business, and if he failed in both he'd say there was no use having one without the other."

Regretting the Past.

"Why so sad?" asked the stenographer of the bookkeeper.

"It makes me sad," replied the bookkeeper, "every time I make up the pay roll nowadays for the men in the factory to think I elected to follow a sentimentality calling instead of learning a trade."

A Connoisseur.

Willie—"Going to the party"
Gillie—"No. I haven't any lady.'
Willie—"Come with me. I've got two extra."
Gillie—Who are they?"
Willie—"Miss Oldbud and Miss Passe."
Gillie—"They're not extras. They're early editions."

Strange Fact.

A loving word can medicine most ills.

"Not loving words are by no means drugs on the market."

NOT SO TRUSTY.

Ye knight of old, he always had
A trusty steed.
And thus he was a lucky lad,
Quite so, indeed.

Sometimes my car kicks up the dust
Then as I sing
The car goes dead. I cannot trust
The pesky thing.

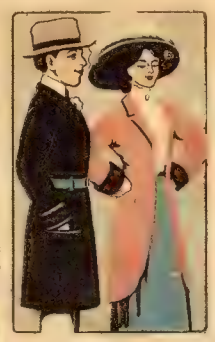
An Original Problem.

"Good morning, children," said the arithmetic teacher. "How many of you have prepared an original problem in multiplication, as I requested?"

Only one hand went up.

"Well, William, you may give your problem and the rest of the class may solve it."

"If my baby sister is a year old now and weighs twenty pounds, and keeps on gaining two ounces a day until she is 10 years old, and if the price of living doubles again in the next ten years, how much will my sister's graduation outfit cost? Mother says she would like to know."



He—"My love for you is like the boundless ocean."

She—"Exactly the way I take it."

He—"What do you mean?"

She—"With a good many grains of salt."

Unfailing Signs.

"The fair defendant will be acquitted, of course?"

"I expect so," replied the prosecuting attorney. "As soon as she mounted the witness-stand and smiled at the jury nine out of the twelve began to fumble with their neckties and stick down their hair."

Putting In His Time.

"I hear Le spends considerable time in the workhouse."

"He does get sentenced occasionally."

"What do you mean by occasionally."

"Well, he gets six months about twice a year."

Must Wait for the Newspaper.

How many revolutions does the earth make in a day? It's your turn, Willie Smith."

"You can't tell, teacher, till you see the morning paper."

The Uses of Adversity.

Vet—"It isn't such a disadvantage to have a wooden leg, after all."

Hooky—"How's that?"

Vet—"I can hold up my socks with thumb tacks."

Terse Biography.

"What's that worthless husband of yours doing now, Mrs. Snaggs?"

"Time, mum."

His Hope.

Mrs. Fussleigh—"John, I believe there's a man under the bed."

Her Husband—"Well, I hope he is getting more sleep than I am."

Mutual Understanding.

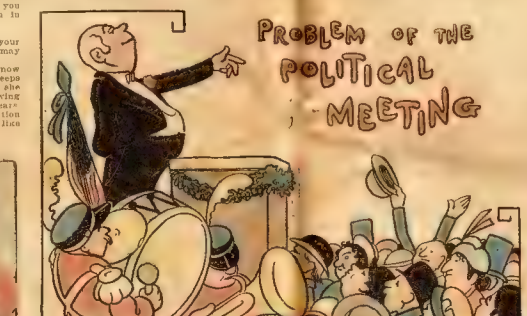
"How are you getting on with your French lessons?"

"First rate. I'm getting so I know what I'm talking about almost as well as the teacher."

Extremes.

"What is to be done with all these bills on hand?"

"Why, foot 'em."



"I am glad to see such a large and intelligent audience here this evening," said the political speaker. "I see present a total of 218 merchants, bankers, policemen and laborers. I observe that if there were four more bankers there would be twice as many bankers as policemen, while of merchants there are five more than three times the number of policemen. There are twice as many laborers as merchants and three and one-half times as many laborers as bankers. If there were four less laborers there would be just six times as many laborers as policemen."

Can you guess how many policemen, bankers, merchants and laborers there were in the audience?

Bible Quotation.

Here is a quotation from the book of Proverbs which our puzzle solvers should be able to guess without much difficulty. Bear in mind that you don't have to recast the letters given. Simply take out some of the spaces shown and put them between other letters. The letters are already in the proper order:

ADO OUNA MEISRA THERT OBUC HOSEN THANG RSA TRICHE SAND LO VINGFA VOURRA THERT HANSIL VERANDG OILY.

Use the Same Letters.

Use the same five letters, but in varying arrangements, to fill the spaces.

Miranda - - - - the - - - - all day
While Hiram - - - his crop of hay
No time to - - - - - has either one
Until their labor each has done

A Rebus.

I am a word of six letters. My 6, 2, 3 is used on roads; my 4, 5, 3, 5 is good to eat; my 1, 2, 2, 6 some peddlers have; my 1, 2, 3, 6 is a kind of fish; my 1, 2, 6 is an animal; my 4, 2, 6, 6 is part of the head. my 6 - - - signifies distress, my 1, 2, 2, 6, - - - - is packing; my 5, 2, 6 is a bodily organ; my 4, 2, 1, 5 is set by a leader; my 3, 5, 2, 4 the farmers do; my 1, 2, 4, 6 is an article to wear; my 6, 3, 2, 3, 6 is a clew; my 1, 2, 3, 6 is worry; my 4, 2, 3, 6 is a portion, my 6, 2, 4, 6 is a narrow strip; my 4, 2, 6 is a favorite; my 4, 2, 6 is a nickname, my 1, 2, 6 is a nuisance. Altogether, people beat me and trample upon me.

Hereditary.

Vincent was altogether too garrulous in school to please his teachers. Such punishments as the institution allowed to be meted out were tried without any apparent effect upon the boy, until at last the head master decided to mention the lad's fault upon his monthly report.

So the next report to his father had these words:

"Vincent talks a great deal."

Back came the report by mail duly signed, but with this written in red ink under the comment: "You ought to hear his mother."

After It All Right.

Altho not overparticular about her work, Mrs. Brownstone's new maid, fresh from the Evergreen Isle, was somewhat of a stickler for precision in language.

"Is it after 8 yet?" asked Mrs. B—— of her one morning as she came in from the kitchen on some errand.

"Yis, mum," replied Bridget, carefully weighing her words. "It is aither it, all right, but it hasn't got there yit! It has five minutes yit to travel."

Shop—"How much do people get for your machine?"

Tie—"It's too heavy for one horse, so I generally use two."

All Right in the Morning.

Officer—"Is your brother, who was so deaf, any better?"

Bridget—"Sure, he'll be all right in the morning."

Officer—"You don't say so."

Bridget—"Yes, it was arrested yesterday, and he gets his hearin' in the morning."

Incomplete Motoring.

"What make is your automobile?"

"When I bought it second hand it was a Packlike, but I've rechristened it 'Old Agreement.'"

"Why so?"

"Hardly a day passes that I don't have to buy something new to help make it go."

Got the Old Rates.

"She's a theater soul."

"Why?"

"Coastal rates go up today, I believe."

"Yep."

"She wrote to everybody she knew yesterday."

At a Dollar a Word.

There is a certain member of Congress who stutters except when he makes a speech or talks over the telephone. Recently he had occasion to call up a friend in Seattle on a matter of personal importance. When the transcontinental connection had been made the man in Seattle shouted thru the phone:

"Who is talking?"

"This is Tom Smith," answered the Congressman at the capital end of the wire.

"No it is not Tom Smith," snapped the man in Seattle.

"Yes, it is Tom Smith I tell you" the Congressman fairly shouted. "Why do you doubt it?"

"Why, Tom Smith stutters."

"Darn it, do you think I am going to stutter at a dollar a word?" the Congressman retorted, as he banged down the phone in disgust.

Should Have Been an Elephant.

A dapper old English gentleman at an Irish railway station was terribly afraid that he would lose his trunk and constantly worried the busy porter about it, somewhat as follows:

"Porter, be sure that my trunk is safe." (A moment later)—"Porter, don't forget my trunk!" (Shortly again)—"Porter, now are you quite sure my trunk is safe?"

"It's a pity," answered the porter, "you wasn't an elephant instead of an ass and then you would always have your trunk under your nose."

No More Shaky Hands.

The big increase in the price of beer was milk and honey to the teetotal crank; and he was gloating over the discomfiture of his friend who liked a drop.

"But it is all for your own good," he impressed upon him. "No more morning headaches, no more shaky hands."

"Yes," agreed the impenitent; "you can bet on no more shaky hands. I can't afford to spill any at the price!"

CHIN-CHIN.

"There's no use talking," said the dame
There's no use talking, was her claim
There's no use talking, that is true.
There's no use talking, but they do.

MOVIEGRAPH

MOLLIE KING.

Miscalculation!

"He's a practical joker, isn't he?"

"Never practical; he tried one of his jokes on a man larger than himself."—Judge.

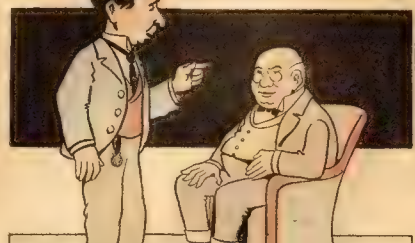
Foolish Youth.

"So you got mad at him for kissing you?"

"No; I got mad at him for saying he was sorry he did it, when I pretended I was."

"Matilda—"When the judge asked you how old you were, what did you say?"

Juanita—"I told him that if he were a good judge he wouldn't ask."



Mr. Foodaddict—"Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are."

Mr. Beanyboy—"Well, today at dinner, for instance, I ate three plates of soup, roast beef, mashed potatoes, beans, peas, bread and butter, apple pie, cheese, cake, bananas, figs, nuts and raisins. What am I?"

Mr. Foodaddict—"A hog."

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

Behead and Curtail.

Seven.

Use Same Letters.

Rates, rest, a state, tar, a, aster.

Missing Consonants.

M A T T E R
A R R I V E
T R A C E S
T I C K L E
R E V E L Y
R E S E N T

Missing Consonants.

S T H O P
Y R I C E
S I P E N
C E A N
P E N N Y

Word Square.

B E A T
E A C H
A C H E
T H E N

Connectrons.

DE, CD, LC, MI

Word Square.

C A P L
A M E L
P E A K
E L K S

Fill Spaces.

Old daddy did not damage any oldities.

Sentence to Word Square.

S A M
E Z R A
A R M S
M A S S

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1895, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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For Display, $2.45 each Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.
These two publications are America's most popular weeklies, and are read by millions of people every week.

GENTLE JABS.

To err is human—to lie about it is more so.

Some people have reduced blundering to a science.

Enthusiasm is to man what steam is to a locomotive.

Have a way of your own, then keep out of other people's.

People with peppery tempers are not the salt of the earth.

Don't let your pretensions take a fall out of your intentions.

Lots of bright hopes are exchanged for gloomy experience.

Patience is an easy virtue for a comfortable man to cultivate.

Honesty pays in the end—but you must be at the right end

Neuralgia and rheumatism come under the head of sharpshooters.

Fortunately for the average man, his brain is not on exhibition.

A good idea is one that can be carried out and exchanged for coin.

The flower of a flock of girls isn't a flower at all—she's a peach.

Charity that expects a return on the investment is something else.

A weak back doesn't necessarily imply that a man is behind the times.

The best brand of resolutions will shrink a little if the occasion demands

A married man says the jaws of death are not to be compared with the jaws of life.

It is folly to marry a grass widow for the purpose of having your grave kept green.

If there is such a thing as untold agony it is the secret a woman is compelled to keep.

Many a man who believes that the earth revolves on its axis also believes that he is the axis.

Love is a malady of the mind that swells the heart and knocks the stuffing out of the pocketbook.

One man may speak for another, but one woman can't talk for another with any degree of satisfaction.

The wise doctor may not know what is the matter with the patient—but he knows enough not to say so.

It's a pity that so many men devote their time to laying up something for the rainy days of their grandchildren.

After a girl gets on the shady side of 25 she drops the affinity business and begins to hustle around for an ordinary breadwinner.

After kindling a flame in a maiden's heart a young man discovers the necessity of feeding the flame with ice cream and auto drives.

The Other Man's Wife

(Continued From Page 6.)

his side as they skated at the Grand Palais; Joan, poking her nose inquisitively in those cabarets artistiques where convention forbade her to be; Joan melting into his arms as they danced at the fashionable cafes on the Boulevards des Italiens and des Capucines; Joan listening to "Louise," "Manon" and "Lucia" at the Opera.

He had thrown caution to the winds, in spite of the fact that he often found the eyes of Count de la Cour fixed on him with an amused, quizzical stare. His work at the Embassy suffered, and with his work his health, for he was compelled to labor far into the night in order to make up for the hours that he idled at the side of this woman who had, as of old, gone to his head like wine.

That she was not true, he knew, that she was playing with him, he guessed, but for him the joy of being with her was sufficient happiness for the moment. She flirted desperately with her many adorers, tantalizing them all to frenzy; she played her cards skilfully, always managing to give just the right amount of encouragement to all those poor fools that angled for her favors, and at that time she was the vogue in Paris. Her salon was thronged with the most brilliant men of the day—men who had distinguished themselves in art, sculpture, music, letters and politics. A perfume was named after her; the modistes in Rue Auber fought for her patronage; the nobility crowded to her unique entertainments and teas; she was quite the rage.

In the midst of all this Roderick lived between the fluctuating emotions of love, and jealousy, hope and despair. At times Joan's sweetness to him assured him of her love; at others her cool indifference made him writhe inwardly and long to crush with his bare hands the bodies of those exquisite Beau Brummels that hung supplicatingly about her. But tho he suffered the tortures of the damned in his passion for her, he knew her too well, and was too much the man of the world to allow her to read his emotions. Occasionally, however, when she was not at home to his calls, he fumed, and once when he and she were enjoying a merry comedy at the Theater Francais his impatience broke its bounds:

"Joan, I weary of this dalliance. Do you think that I am a buffoon whom you can dance on your string? No, man with red blood in his veins would stand for your flirting as I do. I am sick of it all."

She made a little moue with her rouged lips. "I can see no reason why you should be so ferocious. You do not possess me, tho you act as if you think that you do. What right have you to assume such a proprietary attitude toward me?" Her voice was petulant.

He leaned towards her and spoke huskily: "I cannot help but think that the memories of those moonlight nights in Hawaii give me—more than any other man—the right to believe that you are mine at least in part. Have you forgotten, sweetheart—have you forgotten

At his tenderness her eyes filled with unaccustomed tears—for after all was he not the lover of her girlhood—he lover whose passion had not waned under the thrill of possession?

In the darkness of the theater her hand found his and clung to it warmly. "I have forgotten nothing—that ever passed between you and me. But, Chappie, surely you must see that it would be most unwise and indiscreet for you to visit the house any more than you do. You must remember that Henri is not blind, and that in spite of his own amorous propensities he objects to being made a fool of by his wife. What can I do?" She gave a weary shrug of her shoulders and her lips drooped. "Surely you do not expect me to come to your rooms at the Ritz for our tete-a-tetes."

There was a silence, and then he asked huskily: "Tell me, is there ever any one besides me—I love you so, my dear—that the thought of other men maddens me—makes me quite delirious at times."

"Foolish boy! You know that I love you—that I have always loved you. She smiled tenderly. "But, Chappie, I must confess that I am naturally polygamous—variety in adorers is with me the spice of life."

He kissed her hand. "Poor foolish little moth, hovering about so many flames! How much better it would be to transform yourself into a glorious butterfly, warming her wings in the glow of the sun."

"Mon Dieu, Chappie, don't moralize! I suppose that with the supreme egotism of the male you fondly imagine yourself to be the luminary planet at which little butterfly should warm her wings—you forget that my other friends might object to such a monopoly—that ferocious Moor for instance—Fernandez," she said, teasing him cruelly.

He winced, but replied gamely: "And you forget that the sun sends forth its warmth on the righteous and the unrighteous, and doesn't always confine its rays to butterflies——"

She gave his hand an appreciative little squeeze and said meaningly: "Chappie, at times I adore you, and this is one of the times. If you expect me to join you in a cold bottle, a warm bird, and coffee cognac, you will have to change your quarters to a less public place than the Ritz."

And thus it was that, a week later, Roderick found himself ensconced in a charming little house on the Faubourg St. Honore. Altho he tried to deceive himself into believing that his devotion to Joan was unobserved during the days that followed, in which he was her constant shadow, he was soon to be made most unpleasantly aware that such was not the case. He was in the bar of the Jockey Club one evening, talking and drinking with a group of men which included both Fernandez and John Halifax, the Englishman, when, as is usual when boon companions and convivial spirits of the male sex meet, the conversation turned to women.

"This age is too mercenary, too swift for the passion of love to exist for long," remarked Jubert, a young Frenchman who was noted for the vast amount of wild oats he had sown in Paris and other large capitals of the world. "As for me life has taught me that love is a thing of the imagination, not a reality."

Here Roderick, who had just left Joan and was still thrilled by the unaccustomed tenderness with which she had treated him spoke up: "Oh, but my dear Jubert, life has taught you the wrong lessons if you can believe that love is not the greatest thing in the world!" A far-away look came into his blue eyes, and a smile cast its brightness over his face. "My experience has been that love is the biggest blessing that life can offer a man."

Fernandez laughed shortly. "Of course, Roderick, one would expect such an answer from you—a man who has been so successful in the conquests of the hearts of other men's wives."

There was an ominous silence, and then Roderick, flushing a flaming red, picked up his gloves and whipped them ferociously across the face of the Spaniard. "You dog!" he cried, and crouched as if to spring upon him.

Sacre Bleu—canaille!" Fernandez turned livid with fury

At this instant restraining hands were laid upon the two men, and Halifax stepped between them.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" he protested. "I beg that you be calm and remember that a blow struck in this club means instantaneous resignation on the part of the combatants. I am sure that this can be amicably settled."

He took Roderick by the arm and led him away, leaving Fernandez to listen to the reasoning of the other men.

"My dear chap," he said, when he and Roderick were seated in the smoking-room, "this indeed is a regrettable occurrence."

"But Halifax, surely you did not expect me to take an insult like that from any man." He clinched his big fist. "God, but I'd like to kill him!" His eyes flashed dangerously.

Halifax laid his hand on his knee. "But I say there, old chap, be reasonable. Of course, Fernandez was insulting, but then you must remember that unless your actions had placed you in an unfavorable light he never would have been able to have made the charge that he did."

"What are you driving at, John?" Roderick demanded peremptorily, his face flushing a dull red and then suddenly becoming ghastly pale.

Halifax coolly lit a cigarette before explaining. "Of course, Chappie, you know that I am your friend, and only speak from affection for you. To be brutally candid then, your marked attentions to Countess de la Cour have created quite a sensation, and you are being closely observed by members of the Embassy. You seem to forget that a scandal would spoil your political career."

"But my God, man! I have known the woman for years—we are only the best of friends."

The Englishman smiled ironically. "But, my dear fellow, you forget that the world laughs at a man and a woman who claim only to be the best of friends and who act as if they might be the best of lovers. Don't say a word," he admonished him sharply, as Roderick started to make an angry reply. "At least be reasonable. I am wondering if you realize the frequency with which you accompany Countess de la Cour in her pursuit of amusement. Believe me, Roderick, this thing should stop, before you lose your berth in diplomatic circles and the Countess loses her good name. Of course, she is charming, and I can well appreciate the mutual admiration which exists between you two, but then you must take into consideration the fact that until you arrived in Paris the Countess, tho always a flirt, was a little more promiscuous in her affairs than she is now. She seems to have settled her

(Continued on Page 30.)

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The Treasure of Zubaran

Vincent Starrett and Thomas Kennedy

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CHAPTER XII.

AMBUSHED.

HAMILTON knelt, awestricken, beside the open chest. Then he plunged his hand into the glittering heap.

"Wonderful!" he whispered. The others nodded silent assent

He picked out a gold cross, incrusted with jewels, which at one time doubtless had adorned the altar of a cathedral looted by Zubaran or one of his predecessors, and gazed at it rapturously.

"I have been told," Luise volunteered, "that Zubaran's treasure has been gathered by bandit chieftains for generations. As each died or was captured his successor took possession of the secret hoard. None ever lived to enjoy it."

"And there is no doubt that Zubaran never will enjoy it, now," Gatewood remarked grimly. "We have as good a title to it as he. There's enough to make us all rich. Probably it is worth a million. Of course it is share and share alike among us five."

"That's hardly fair to you two," Drummond protested. "If it had not been for you we might never have lived to escape from the 'Lost City.' I'm afraid we would have suffered the fate of most of Zubaran's prisoners—death or worse. I for one resign my right to any portion of the treasure. I have enough of my own to be comfortable for life."

"As for me," Luise put in, "I shall take but one jewel, and that must be selected by Senor Gatewood."

Smilingly, Gatewood ran his fingers thru the chest, stirring its contents about. With a flash of fire a glorious diamond set in a curiously wrought ring came to view. He plucked it out.

"This shall be your jewel. May I place it upon your hand?" he asked lightly, but with an underlying seriousness. The girl extended her right hand.

"No, the other one!"

Boldly the adventurer seized it and placed the glowing gem on the third finger.

Luise gasped, blushed, and then dropped her eyes to hide her confusion.

"I fear you are as bold as I suspected at first," she murmured, hiding her hand in the folds of her dress. Still, the ring was not removed, and in this Gatewood found comfort.

Carlotta and Hamilton took the affair as a joke and insisted duplicating the performance. But as Hamilton placed an equally beautiful ring upon her finger, Gatewood observed that there seemed something forced about their merriment. Underneath he sensed a vein of seriousness that he considered most significant.

"Now let's get back. The others will think something has happened to us," he said, when the dual ceremony had been completed.

"Our bold admirers seem uncommonly anxious to get away from our society, Carlotta," bantered Luise, with a trace of her customary mischievousness. But when they would have stayed, because of the taunt, she insisted on going and led the way.

The others followed, Hamilton and Gatewood bearing between them the chest of jewels. Campero exclaimed with astonishment when he was shown the marvelous find.

"I congratulate you, senors," he told them, warmly.

"Of course, you will have a share of the treasure," Hamilton said.

"Not I!" the older man exclaimed. "I had no part in its discovery. I owe you my life—and my daughter's—and I will not be indebted for more."

"Then it may interest you to know that we also have discovered your stolen gold," Gatewood remarked smilingly. "Of course you cannot expect us to take any part of that in the circumstances."

Campero was inclined to object to this, but finally he was overborne.

"I am an old man and this gold represents my all," he told them, "otherwise I should not consent. When the bandits attacked us I was on my way out of this vexed land to spend the rest of my life in peace with my kinsfolk. Thru your munificence I have regained my wealth, my life and my daughter. I can only thank you," he concluded simply, his face working with emotion.

"Don't thank us, senor," smiled Gatewood. "Thank the kindly fortune that sent a drunken peon to tell us the story that sent us to your rescue."

"Meanwhile," Hamilton interrupted, "there is no time to be wasted. The first thing we know Zubaran will rally his cutthroats and be back at us, hammer and tongs. I vote for immediate and rapid flight."

His suggestion was accepted. Quickly the boxes of gold were brought from their subterranean hiding-place and packed on the mules. The treasure of Zubaran was carefully disposed in small bundles and bestowed about the persons of the party. Then the little band turned its back on the "Lost City." All were mounted on the horses left behind by the bandits in their flight.

Thru the long, black tunnel they rode, stooping to keep from thumping their heads on the stone roof; out thru the shack of the crone, who had died by the hand of Zubaran, and into the maze of mountain windings which would take them back to the railroad and Orizaba—if they dared return to Orizaba! There was still the pursuing party of Federales to be reckoned with, the adventurers remembered with a twinge of anxiety.

Hamilton and Carlotta, Returning From a Drive, Beheld a Charming Picture.

Rafael, too, had been thinking about this, for he called his two employers aside and brought up the subject.

"There is still the Lieutenant and his party for us to think of," he whispered. "And, too, there is the mad senorita who rides with them. I believe, senors, it would be wise to turn aside from this path and take a different trail returning."

"That sounds like the correct idea to me," Hamilton agreed. "It is certain we aren't in a condition to fight, or yet to run away—and if that party isn't after us yet with murderous intent, I'm no judge of angry Mexican ladies or thwarted Mexican tenientes, either."

"Can you lead us by a shorter path?" Gatewood asked the boy.

"By a much shorter one," Rafael assured him. "It avoids the tunnel and all of the trail since, and brings us out a short day's march from Orizaba, on our old trail."

The change was agreed upon. The party at once turned out of their former route and followed a comparatively easy trail along the bottom of an arroyo. Unconsciously, almost, the members separated into groups. Gatewood found himself riding with Luise. Ahead he observed Hamilton with Carlotta, seemingly engaging her in earnest conversation.

"Why are you so moody, when all your troubles are over?" the laughing Luise asked. Her voice brought him out of his reverie.

"Do you remember when I was thrown into the jail, and you bathed my face with cold water?" he queried, with seeming irrelevance.

"Of course—but why?" she replied, puzzled.

"Because I wondered if you guessed what I thought."

"Doubtless something very foolish," she parried. "A blow on the head often induces odd hallucinations."

"I thought that I was dead and that you were an angel bending over me."

"But having regained your mind, you have doubtless recovered from any such foolish notion," she laughed.

"On the contrary," he insisted, "I have come to believe that I was right—not about being dead, but about the angel."

"You poor boy!" exclaimed the angel, pretending to examine his head. "Your injury must have been more severe than I thought."

Oddly enough, tho, she did not seem at all displeased.

Gatewood was meditating a still more daring flight when Drummond, who had been riding behind with Campero and the Donna Rivera, burst into a laugh.

"That is good. I must tell your niece about it," he cried, and rode ahead to the side of Luise.

At once he began the narration of a story of happenings about which Gatewood knew nothing. She turned to listen with interest, and the soldier of fortune, feeling that he had been forced out, gradually dropped back, riding alone, listening enviously the while to the gay peals of laughter with which Drummond's story was being punctuated. At length he gave himself over to gloomy reflections.

His mind began to connect up certain things which had happened. Drummond's refusal to take a share of the treasure after the gift of the ring to Luise, to his jealous mind indicated that the young Englishman was angered by the incident. He recalled now that a certain camaraderie had seemed to exist between the two ever since he first had been thrust unceremoniously upon them in the prison in the "Lost City."

"It's no use!" his spirit groaned. "Drummond was on the ground first and I am too late."

He even contemplated bidding farewell to the party and riding back in search of some wild adventure calculated to make him forget—but only for a moment did he contemplate it. It would be unfair to Hamilton, for one thing. They had started together and perhaps the most dangerous part of the venture was still ahead. It would probably be Hamilton's last adventure, he reflected sadly, looking ahead to where his friend rode beside the lady of his choice. Well, he would see it thru to the end, and then—who cared what happened?

So absorbed was the erstwhile debonair young man in his melancholy musings that he failed to notice when Drummond quitted Luise's side and rejoined Campero, or the occasional puzzled glances that Luise threw back at him. For hours he rode alone and in silence. Finally he noticed with surprise that dusk was beginning to fall.

It was at this point that Rafael announced: "We have almost reached the Orizaba trail, senors."

The men of the party rode ahead for a consultation.

"The coast seems clear, so far," said Hamilton. "I believe we've shaken off the Lieutenant and his men. I think we may safely go ahead."

"But where?" Gatewood objected.

"Search me," said Hamilton, with cheerful nonchalance. "Of course, what we want to do is get out of the country, and to do that we've got to get to the railroad. I think we'd better go right along toward the railroad and chance picking up a train somewhere. We must get to the coast. Of course, if anybody has a better plan——"

"I guess you're right," Gatewood agreed.

Again they rode forward.

As usual, it was the unexpected that happened. In another moment the party found itself facing a tremendous crisis.

All You Need to Know of the Story to Date.

TRACY HAMILTON and Richard Gatewood overhear a drunken peon in a "cantina" in Vera Cruz, Mexico, tell that a treasure train has been trapped in a tunnel by dynamiting the entrances and that Zubaran, bandit chief, intends to get the treasure. The Americans decide to get it first. Carmencita Esperanza, a dancing girl, secretly warns them not to attempt it. Telegraphing ahead for mules and dynamite the adventurers start. Carmencita causes their arrest at Soledad, but they are released by Colonel Alvarado, whose life Gatewood once had saved. They elude a lieutenant, Cabrera, who tries to follow them. The pair, taking Rafael, a Mexican youth, with them, start for the tunnel. A girl, thinking them enemies, fires at them, then faints before they can learn her story. The girl proves to be Carlotta Campero, who has lost her way in trying to find the tunnel where her father and kinsfolk are imprisoned in the treasure train. She insists on accompanying the Americans next day. Surprising the lone bandit on guard at the tunnel, they learn that Zubaran has preceded them, taking with him treasure and survivors, among the latter Pedro Campero, Carlotta's father. Zubaran's destination is supposed to be the "Lost City," an abandoned mining town in the mountains. Forcing the bandit to guide them, the party sets out in that direction, and later finds that a number of Federales, under Cabrera and Carmencita, are in pursuit. Taking refuge in a strange cave, they ward off the attack, killing or wounding most of the Mexicans. While the remaining Federales withdraw to a safe distance, the Americans, with their party, leave the cave by a little-known rear exit and make good their escape. The following morning Gatewood goes on alone toward the "Lost City" to reconnoiter, and is betrayed into the bandits' camp by an old hag who has acted as guide. He finds himself a prisoner with Carlotta's father, her beautiful cousin Luise Rivera, an Englishman named Drummond, and several others. At the end of the day he is confronted by Zubaran himself. The sneering bandit chief, angered at Gatewood's insolent replies, promises the latter a slow and unpleasant death the next day, and takes his leave. Thru a ruse, however, the young American captures the sentinel who guards the jail, and gets possession of his keys and weapons. That night, when the drunken bandits are asleep, Gatewood and Drummond steal out and seize arms and munitions. Discovering the escape in the morning, the band, headed by Zubaran, attempts to storm the jail, but the arrival of Hamilton and his party, which the bandits mistake for a large attacking force, puts them completely to rout. After reunions have taken place, Hamilton is let down into an abandoned well and finds it conceals the entrance to stone chambers containing the great treasure of Zubaran.

You can go on with the story, which began in Ledger No. 52, Dec. 29. Back copies can always be obtained from agents, news dealers or by mail direct from office of publication.

and without an instant's warning or time to make a moment's preparation.

Rounding a sudden turn in the ravine, they came face to face with a line of Federale troops, standing with leveled rifles. At one end of the line stood Lieutenant Luis Cabrera, and at his side was the cleverest spy in Mexico, Carmencita Esperanza!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LOVE OF CARMENCITA.

"BUENOS noches, senors y senoritas!" The smirking Lieutenant bowed with exaggerated politeness. "It is indeed a happy coincidence that brings us together again. I assure you, this is a most welcome meeting, altho apparently unexpected."

For a moment the adventurers stood as if petrified. Flight was impossible, resistance suicidal, in the face of the leveled guns. Even tho they might eventually triumph over the Mexican band, it would mean the sacrifice of at least half of the members of their own party. Some such wild notion crept into the brains of Gatewood and Hamilton simultaneously, only to be instantly abandoned. The voice of the Lieutenant again broke the silence.

"May I trouble you to dismount, one at a time, and submit yourselves to being disarmed? I should grieve to have any unpleasant rashness mar the felicity of this happy reunion."

There was nothing else to be done. One at a time, in silence, the men of the party dismounted and surrendered their arms with what grace they could muster. The women followed. All watched the horses led away with sinking hearts. So this was to be the end of their adventure. Death for the men, and for the women a fearful captivity!

"Why, what have we here?" asked the Lieutenant, with mock surprise, as he walked to the gold-laden pack mules. "Can this be the treasure looted from the tunnel? You shall have the pleasure, my friends, of explaining how this came into your possession. Not here, of course," he added, with relish, "but before a court-martial in Orizaba."

"Here—" he ordered his men—"bind these felons!"

Under the unwavering stare of the riflemen, the adventurers submitted tamely to being bound. When this had been accomplished the beautiful Carmencita came to where the two friends lay helpless.

"My friends of the Cantina de Estrella!" she exclaimed. "Did I not warn you, senors? Did I not say that certain death awaited any who embarked in this quest?"

Hamilton and Gatewood remained silent.

"Another time," continued the adventuress, "you may be willing to accept the advice of a mere woman. Unfortunately there will be no next time." With which significant remark she walked away.

While this was taking place Lieutenant Cabrera had been disposing of the treasure and giving orders incident to making camp for the night. Now he turned to where the women of the captured party were standing.

"Is it not the fair Senorita Carlotta?" His tone was soft as silk, but keen as a steel blade. "What a happy meeting! Have you no kind words for an old friend?"

Carlotta's eyes blazed, but she answered quietly enough: "I never was your friend, Lieutenant Cabrera."

"But you shall be now!" he cried fiercely. "Once you flaunted your scorn of me in the face of all Mexico. Now, by Heaven, you shall crawl at my feet and beg for more than your life!"

He seized her in his arms and, despite her frantic struggles, kissed her full upon the mouth. Hamilton and Gatewood strained like madmen at the thongs that bound them, but in vain. It was from another source that interruption came.

With a furious cry Carmencita Esperanza sprang forward, a gleaming steel in her hand. The Lieutenant darted back just in time. The slender blade barely missed him as he dodged the onrush of the tigress.

"So this is your boasted devotion?" shrieked the infuriated woman. "This is the love you have professed so passionately! You, who would fly with me, who would bestow treasure upon me—"

The officer strove desperately to stem the tide, to prevent the revelations, but it was useless.

"I will not be still!" she cried. "Do not think that I will spare you now. All the world shall know how you promised to betray your country for me."

"Listen to me, Carmencita," pleaded the Lieutenant, in frenzy. "Let me speak!"

"Well, what have you to say?" she demanded, transformed in an instant from fire to ice.

"This," he rushed on, eagerly. "That I am still true to you, my dear one." Carmencita laughed scornfully.

"It is true—listen," he protested. "Once upon a time a girl made a fool of me before the world. I was young and inexperienced. Now the girl is in my power. Who can blame me, if for a moment I thought of revenge?"

"Revenge is sweet, is it not?" she jeered. "Revenge is one thing; kisses and embraces are another."

"There shall be no more of this foolishness, I promise you," he mumbled. "Will you not forgive me?"

For answer she sheathed her dagger and turned away, and with that the Lieutenant was forced to be satisfied. The light of a cold fury still burned in her eyes. To the watchers it bode no good for her lover.

There was no further excitement. The usual preparations for the night were made. In sight of the bound captives, the Federales ate a hearty repast. The prisoners watched hungrily, but no offer of food was made to them. The sentinels were posted, and the remainder of the party lay down around a great fire. In a short time most of them were asleep.

Just before he crawled into his hammock, Lieutenant Cabrera strode across to where the unsheltered prisoners lay.

"I hope you have a delightful night," he assured them, "for it is likely it will be your last."

Then he, too, sought the fire and soon fell asleep.

In spite of the misery of their bonds, the captives, exhausted by the long day's ride, found slumber, too.

It might have been midnight, or later, when Gatewood was awakened by a pressure upon his arm. He started, not remembering where he was.

"Quiet!" a voice whispered tensely. He turned his head. It was Carmencita.

The adventurer waited, without apparent surprise, to hear what she had to say. She smiled, a slow, inviting smile.

"Do you not think I am beautiful, senor?" she asked alluringly.

Gatewood's surprise at this startling introduction was so real that it almost betrayed him. He thought rapidly. If this were some fresh trap he could be no worse off. If not—

He returned the smile.

"Yes," he whispered, putting into the single word all the ardor he could command.

"More beautiful than the senoritas in your party?" she insisted. Gatewood lied bravely.

"Much more beautiful." His tone indicated the maddest infatuation.

"Would you follow me to the end of the world, or kill men for me, if it were necessary to win my love?"

"Carmencita!" Gatewood was an artist with his voice when occasion demanded. The enunciation of her name was sufficient.

"Then kiss me!"

The adventuress bent her face to his. Gatewood kissed her and managed to smile, despite his inward revulsion. Carmencita was satisfied that her conquest was complete. Without a further thought she drew her small stiletto and cut the ropes that were biting their way thru the flesh at his wrists and ankles. Gatewood drew a long, full breath of relief and sat up.

"Now listen to me, beloved," whispered the charmer, with tender imperiousness. "All are asleep. The sentries I have myself disposed of." She indicated the dagger in her hand, and for a moment Gatewood's head swam. "The treasure now is ours—yours and mine. Let us take it and fly together."

"We shall be pursued and captured," Gatewood objected.

She laughed silently.

"We shall escape pursuit," was her reply. "This will silence our pursuers for a long time. They shall be silenced before they become our pursuers." Again she held the blade before his eyes.

Despite himself, Gatewood shuddered. Carmencita laughed delightedly.

"Oh, your tender Gringo conscience!" she mocked. "However, it shall be as you say. Let us bind them, then. Here——" She handed him his own revolver. "You shall stand guard while I tie the pigs!"

"And Lieutenant Cabrera?" Gatewood inquired, with just the right tone.

Like a tigress she arose to her feet. "That dog! Never mention him to me again. I could——"

She checked herself, but the fury in her face and her convulsive grip on the dagger indicated her meaning.

Gatewood arose. Deftly, as he did so, he managed to kick Hamilton sharply on the foot. His friend started, opened his eyes, blinked for a moment, and then took in the situation. After that he lay silent, but Gatewood knew he was alert and ready for anything.

Gripping the revolver, the adventurer stood guard while the Federales were bound, one after another, by the girl's deft fingers. Those who wakened were met with a glimpse of Gatewood's pitiless revolver and bidden to lie silent as they valued their lives. At length one only remained. He was Lieutenant Cabrera, who still slumbered heavily by the fire.

"Leave him to me!" muttered Carmencita. "I dare him to awake!"

There was that in her tone which made Gatewood obey. Fascinated, he stepped back a pace or two, watching the scene before him. Like a snake the spy leaned over her cast-off lover, and with the softest of motions passed the thong about his wrists. Cabrera awakened with a terrified start.

"Carmen——" he began. The word trailed into a mumble of meaningless sounds, as the lightning-like stiletto found his throat. Gatewood averted his eyes from the murder. He had felt powerless to prevent it, while he felt it impending.

Then the girl leaned over the dying man, as he lay, heaping upon him a torrent of abuse and vituperation.

Gatewood's presence of mind asserted itself with a bound. He seized a sword from one of the bound men and hastily slit Hamilton's bonds. When, a moment later, Carmencita turned with a satisfied expression upon her face, she found herself confronted by two men, pistols in hand, with no sign of friendship showing on their faces.

"So!" she gasped. "You have tricked me!" Her voice rose to a shriek. "Coward! Cur! You shall not live to win another's love!" With a fearful oath, she flung her dagger straight at Gatewood's face.

The blade zipped thru the air and struck the adventurer, point first, in the shoulder, falling thence to the ground. Gatewood winced away, and then, with cool nerve, raised his revolver. The adventuress, now weaponless, sprang back. Near her were the horses of the party. Without hesitation she sprang upon the back of the nearest beast, snatching the rein that tethered it in the same motion. In another second, without a backward glance, she went galloping down the trail to Orizaba.

Hamilton turned to Gatewood. "She'll be back," he warned. "Let's not waste a minute."

Quickly the two unbound the others. "Jove!" exclaimed Drummond, in admiration. "That was a masterpiece of acting. Wouldn't she make a hit on the stage!"

CHAPTER XIV.

FLIGHT.

THE Lieutenant was dead at Carmencita's hands. That the murderess would procure another detachment of soldiers at Orizaba and descend upon them by morning, the men nearly all soon to believe. Even then she was in doubt galloping madly toward the town with that object in mind.

A hasty consultation was held. It was determined that immediate flight was necessary and that their objective point must be Vera Cruz, where some foreign ship might offer refuge. But to reach

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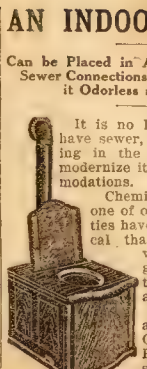

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It has no odor, can be placed in any room, hall or closet.

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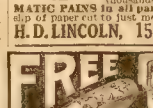

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N	O				

How Many Words Can You Make

Now here is a puzzle that is a prize winner. You do not have to set up and operate a dictionary all night. Just a mild diversion to set back and make as many words as possible out of the letters herewith given. Use only the letters given and only as many times as they appear. For instance, the letter R appears four times, so in all your words you must not use R more than four times. If you use R twice in one word and twice in another, you cannot use R in another word, as you have already used it as many times as it appears. You do not have to use up all the letters. The puzzle looks simple, but if you can make as many as twelve words, send in your list at once, as the person winning first prize may not have more than that many words.

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the seaport it was almost imperative that they pass thru Orizaba

"I can lead you around Orizaba," suggested Rafael, "but it will be a long journey, senors."

"No," decided Gatewood suddenly. "Our one chance now is in being bold. We must start at once and reach Orizaba tonight, entering the town by some obscure path. They will scour the whole country for us, but they will never think to look for us in their very midst. If you can lead us safely out of these hills tonight, Rafael, and get us to your father's house before daybreak, we will be well satisfied."

"Then your idea is to remain in Orizaba until the lady and her revenge party have departed in search of us?" queried Hamilton

"Exactly!"

In fifteen minutes the party was en route. It was a hazardous trip in the darkness, altho the inevitable electric torches served as miniature headlights. More than once Gatewood thought of the mad creature who had preceded them by a scant half hour. Had she succeeded, after all? Unused to the mountain trails, might she not have galloped to death over some narrow ledge?

Possibly she might, he decided, but they could not risk it. The danger was too great. Granting her one chance out of ten to succeed, Gatewood had no mind—his mission successfully accomplished—to lose his new-found treasure and the beautiful Luise, whom, despite himself, he had come to love. They could not riek waiting even until daylight.

In time, all the dangers of the trip safely passed, they came to the house of Hernandez. It was a lonely place near the city's edge, and Rafael led them by deserted ways so that not an eye saw them enter the building. Here, tho it proved to be close quarters for so many, they found rest and safety for a time.

Old Hernandez himself, routed from slumber, came sleepily to the door to admit them. When he saw the large party that the two adventurers brought with them, he chuckled amusedly.

"So, senors," he laughed, "two of you go forth on an adventure, and behold a whole family returns. And I see you bring back my scapegrace son. I suspected he would tell you he had my permission to accompany you."

Here the old man made an attempt to cuff his hopeful on the ear. The dutiful Rafael, however, ducked out of reach and retorted with a hideous grimace.

Rafael remained awake the remainder of the night. He had not long to wait until sunrise, and as its first beams sparkled on the dazzling peak of Orizaba, he slid from the adobe dwelling into the streets. An hour later he was back with breathless tidings.

"They have gone," he panted to Gatewood, who met him at the door. "Twenty-five of them, and Carmencita at the head. Barely an hour ago they took the trail. They will search high and low before they return. I think it is safe now, senor, to start."

"Yes, I think so," returned Gatewood, "and the sooner the better for us."

He wheeled sharply and joined the party within. In a short time a plan of campaign had been mapped out, and the fugitives were dispatching their morning meal, elated at the prospect of a speedy departure for Vera Cruz and safety.

The mules were left behind now, and the stout horses taken from the unfortunate Lieutenant's party were called into play. The magnificent jewels were made up into small parcels for convenience in transportation and concealed about the persons of the travelers. The boxes of gold had been left with Hernandez, buried in his cellar until a safer time, when old Pedro Campero expected to reclaim them.

It was a well-mounted, light-traveling outfit that rode away from Orizaba that morning. Rafael was again in the lead. Their plan was a daring one, but its very boldness, it was thought, would insure its success. They had determined to circle Orizaba in the outskirts and ride to the next railroad point Cordoba, six miles to the east—and there boldly take a train for Vera Cruz.

The ride to Cordoba was uneventful, and there the faithful Rafael was turned back. There were tears in the boy's eyes as he parted from the companions he had grown to love. He would have gladly gone with them if they would have permitted, but it was out of the question. The boy bravely battled back the tears when the last moment came. In his breeches pocket was more money than he had ever dreamed of before, which had been forced upon him by the adventurers.

From the back of the biggest horse, which with the others he was taking back with him, he waved a brave farewell, and then the party took up the short walk to Cordoba station. To avoid attention, they walked in pairs and some distance apart—Hamilton with Carlotta, Gatewood and Luise, Campero and Senor Rivera.

Drummond, secure in the possession of a British passport, brave with red seals and the imposing signatures of foreign secretaries and what not, persisted in alternating cheerfully between the various parties. His actions attracted no unfavorable notice, much to the relief of the others, and the station was soon reached.

They bought their tickets boldly, and having timed themselves well, boarded the noon train soon thereafter, being careful not to sit too close together, or to act in a manner which would attract attention. The double-header snorted twice and they were off.

Off, but to what?

Down the mountain circled the train, thru Paraje Nuevo, out onto the flat lands, where tierra calientes joined hands with tierra frio, and then, with a change of engines, across the long stretch to Paso del Macho, a scant forty-seven miles from their destination. The young people conversed of many things, the old people of few. It was a grim journey, for all of the light-hearted talk of Gatewood and Hamilton. The telegraph was swift, and at any station a band of Federales might enter the station and terminate the adventure in a manner anything but happy. Still, station after station was passed without any happening more eventful than a moment of racking suspense.

At Paso del Macho, Gatewood left the train for a moment, and in a short time was back with news.

"Trouble on the road to Vera Cruz somewhere," he whispered to Hamilton. "Don't alarm any one. May not be serious. No, it's not us this time, altho it may well involve us. Seems to be fighting of some sort. I wonder if——"

What Gatewood wondered, Hamilton found out later in Vera Cruz, for at that moment the train started and his friend hurried back to Luise. What the trouble was they both discovered with intense dismay at Soledad.

There, without warning, a mob of Federales held up the train, bandit fashion, and unceremoniously bundled off all the passengers. The bewildered people gathered in knots, only to be swept this way and that by the excited soldiery. It looked like a panic and it almost was one. Confusion was worse than confounded.

"Retreat," grunted the sophisticated Hamilton, "but from whom? I wonder ——" What he wondered he kept to himself, yet the thought coincided exactly with that almost expressed by Gatewood a short time before.

In the riot of confusion their party escaped notice, but the enforced halt was a severe blow to their plans. They were in the midst of a panic-stricken horde of retreating soldiers, who seemed to be without officers and bereft of sense. In the midst of the excitement the soldiery managed to pile onto the train, the engine was reversed and puffed slowly out of the station back toward Orizaba. On the station platform a stupefied throng of passengers gaped at the retreating cars as they faded from view.

"What can it mean?" whispered Luise frantically to her companion.

Gatewood looked at her queerly.

"I don't know," he admitted, "but I have a suspicion that we are going to meet Uncle Sam when we get to Vera Cruz—if we ever do."

"Uncle Sam? Who is he?" asked the puzzled Luise, but Gatewood only laughed.

Twenty-five miles remained to be covered, and it was imperative that they be covered that night. But how? Trains there were none. Frantic inquiries of scores of passengers brought no information. In the midst of the confusion another train rushed into Soledad laden with soldiers, apparently from Vera Cruz. They descended from the train, seemingly to stay.

Suddenly Hamilton conceived a plan.

"Look here, Drummond, let me have your British passport and I'll make a stab at getting horses. Can't any more than fall down."

"Rot!" declared the young English-

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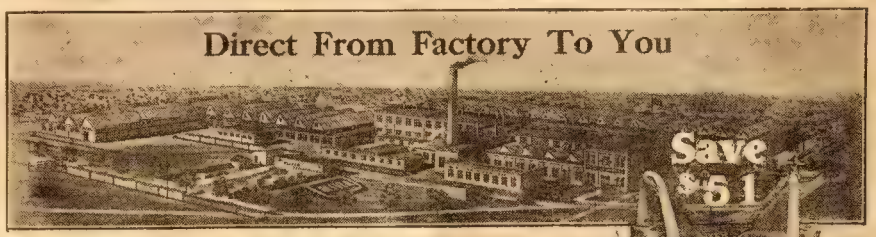

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man. "You have 'Gringo' written all over your face. Let me try. I have your idea."

"I hope you get the horses," grunted Hamilton. "Better take one of the ladies with you and tell some cock-and-bull story about leaving the country with your wife."

"An excellent idea," replied the other. Then, turning to Luise: "Will you be my wife for a few moments?"

Laughingly the girl consented, and Gatewood, looking anxiously after the retreating pair, felt a pang of jealousy.

The Englishman approached a frenzied officer in a blue uniform bespangled with yellow decorations, who was wrestling with a nervous mount.

"I say, my friend," he began in the queer jargon which he fondly imagined was Spanish, "we must have horses. I am a British subject, and am not at all pleased with the excitement you insist upon throwing around me here. I must get to Vera Cruz with my wife, instantly."

His attitude was imperious, and proved not at all pleasing to the officer, who turned a snarling, wolflike face upon his inquisitor.

"Curse you and all Britons—and particularly may misfortune befall all Americanos," he vociferated truculently. "You may walk to Vera Cruz if you will, and be thankful I do not order you executed."

But Drummond was no coward. With the celerity of a magician he produced his magic passport and flourished beneath the officer's offended nostrils this imposing document. The parchment crackled importantly, the lurid seal of empire blazed forth from its southwest corner. At the right moment the Englishman produced a gold-piece.

The officer softened strangely. Another gold-piece appeared.

"Of course," he relented, "something might be done—but what would you, senor? We have no horses for ourselves. How many must you have?"

Drummond hesitated. Luise was ready, however.

"At least five for our servants and ourselves, teniente," she smiled.

The "teniente" tore his raven locks. For the beautiful senora, ah, what would he not do! But five horses! Again he tore his hair and called Heaven to witness that if he had five horses he would station them at intervals along the railroad and ride a relay out of the country to Paris.

At last wild eyes about him. They lighted on a railroad handcar on a siding and brightened. Then he blushed apologetically.

"Perhaps"—he hesitated—"perhaps the senor would not care to ride upon a handcar. Yet—so poor are we in horses—we have nothing else to offer." Whimsically, he added: "It is all we are not using ourselves."

Drummond looked and an inspiration was born within him.

"It is the very thing," he announced magnificently. "We are your debtors, teniente."

The gold-pieces changed hands. The Lieutenant continued to struggle with the restless nag. Drummond and Luise returned in triumph to the rest of the party, who from a distance had anxiously watched the performance.

"Well?" queried Hamilton, amusedly, anticipating failure.

"Not so fast, Senor Hamilton," reproved Luise. "You do not see us return with horses, but behold!"

She pointed dramatically to the small handcar. All looked in astonishment and then Gatewood laughed loudly.

"By George! I believe they've saved the day!" he cried. "We may not cut such a pretty figure, but we can make almost express time on that affair, and time is our most important consideration."

Hamilton agreed, and the party hurriedly moved to their newly acquired "Pullman." The entire party piled onto the small platform. Cautiously Gatewood and Hamilton threw their weight on the handles and in the gathering darkness the little car slowly glided out of the railroad yard. Drummond dismounted and threw a switch, and the handcar, with gathering speed, moved onto the main line for Vera Cruz.

"Now," remarked Gatewood, with a grin, "if we don't encounter another troop train head on, I think we have reached the end of our troubles."

The others shuddered at the grim pleasantry, and thereafter, urged by the arms of every member of the party, the wheels spun beneath them. The tracks roared as the rickety vehicle reeled along, and the night wind whistled past. A party of soldiers—a corporal's squad—swinging down the track, leaped aside in amazement as the car shot past, and then shrieked curses after them.

"The last hurdle," spoke up Hamilton, at length. "Go thru Los Cocos like a cannon ball, Dick. There are probably Federales still there, and we're likely to get a volley. Women down flat!" he ordered sharply, and the other members of the party sheltered the three women with their bodies.

A light twinkled ahead, grew larger and larger, and the station of Los Cocos sprang at them out of the darkness. The platform was filled with soldiers, but so suddenly had the car come upon them that they were not aware of its presence until it was flying past. An officer challenged wildly, and Gatewood, turning, hurled a volley of Spanish at him. Then the station was far behind, and the scattering volley of shots which followed hurtled harmlessly overhead. Two bullets sang uncomfortably close, but that was all. At last they were safe.

Still they drove the car at top speed until, on their right, the lights of Vera Cruz became visible. Had they guessed aright, or were they come thru their multitude of perils safely only to fall into the hands of a body of Mexican soldiers at the very end of their journey?

They stopped the car at the end of a narrow street and dismounted. With all caution they stretched their cramped limbs and proceeded watchfully up the squalid thorofare. At length they turned into a broader dirt highway. This they followed in silence for perhaps one hundred yards, when the lights of a tiny cantina twinkled before them.

"We must stop here," whispered Gatewood. "We may get some coffee which we can bring out to the women."

His low whisper had been heard by other ears. A bulky form loomed out of the blackness followed by a bayonet flashed and a voice cried sharply:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

The challenge was uttered in English!

"What is this?" faltered Luise, clinging to Gatewood.

And he whispered to her with his quiet chuckle: "As I told you, it is Uncle Sam."

At the same instant Hamilton cried loudly: "Friends! Americans! Don't shoot!"

An American marine stood before them.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HAPPY ENDING.

VERA CRUZ in the hands of the Americans. Both Gatewood and Hamilton had felt sure of it some time before. On two occasions they had hinted at it to the others, who had failed to take the cue. Only the day before their arrival the guns of the Chester had made a ruin of the naval academy on the water-front. The great cathedral on the corner of the square was pocked with the scars of American bullets, and Admiral Fletcher was the supreme authority in the seaport.

In the streets, where only a few days before the gay dandies of the Mexican military had paraded before their women, were now seen the olive-green khaki of the marines and the white "pajamas" of the "jackies." But already the shopkeepers had taken heart and were doing a thriving business at double profits. A smashed mirror beneath the portales of the Hotel Diligencias and a sinister splotch beneath told Gatewood and Hamilton a tale of grim happenings beside the favorite table.

"Dick," groaned the latter, "we've had a lot of fun, old man—but, oh, what we missed right here in little old Vera Cruz!"

"Right you are," commiserated Gatewood, glumly. "After fighting thru South and Central America for years, we've missed the only opportunity we ever had to fight with our own fellows against the Greasers."

They sat in silence for a moment, but presently both began to smile, for Carlotta and Luise were approaching.

"Now that you are our conquerors, what is your intention with us?" inquired Carlotta, mischievously, of Hamilton.

"To hold you captive forever, without the option of ransom," replied Hamilton, so fiercely that all laughed and Carlotta blushed deeply. But Gatewood's laugh seemed forced and he looked worried.

"And you, Senor Gatewood?" queried Luise, in a low tone. "Now that you have triumphed, I suppose you will be returning soon to your sweetheart and will forget your good friends?"

Carlotta and Hamilton looked up in surprise, and then the former drew the latter away. They sauntered up the colorful Avenida de la Independencia arm in arm, with one curious backward glance.

"What's the matter, there?" asked Hamilton, with raised eyebrows. "I thought that was as good as accomplished."

"So did I," replied Carlotta, with a pucker above her eyes. "I do not understand."

Under the portales Gatewood was looking at Luise with pained astonishment.

"My sweetheart?" he inquired vaguely. "To whom do you refer? I have never mentioned a sweetheart. Indeed, I have never had one."

It was Luise's turn to be surprised. She reddened as she replied.

"I only mentioned what I heard you say," she said, embarrassed. "Perhaps I should not have spoken. It is not my business."

"I do not know what you mean," insisted Gatewood. "When did I mention a sweetheart?"

"It was in the jail at the 'Lost City,'" explained Luise, more and more disconcerted every minute. "You told the sentry you had a message you wished him to deliver to your sweetheart."

Gatewood's brow cleared as if by magic. He laughed heartily and long, while the girl at his side blushed even more furiously.

"Foolish, foolish!" chided the soldier of fortune, at length. "Did you not guess it was only a ruse to get him close to me? You know what message I actually delivered, do you not? It was a rude one, I fear. Indeed, I all but strangled him before your eyes."

His face softened.

"No," he began, "I——"

At that moment Drummond came out of the hotel and turned westward into the avenue, but at sight of the two he paused and came forward smilingly.

"There is a boat leaving today," he said, "and I am taking it for New York. I am fortunate. I had feared I might be tied up here for some time. I must say good-by, my dear friends. I hope I shall see you again, some day."

He proffered his big hand heartily. Gatewood took it awkwardly, but Luise shook it with right good will and exclaimed:

"Good-by, Senor Drummond. We owe you many kindnesses and perhaps our lives. We shall never forget you. I, too, hope we shall meet again."

The good fellow again voiced his kind wishes and departed, yet Gatewood sat

Doctor Says Nuxated Iron Will Increase Strength of Delicate People 100% in Ten Days

In many instances—Persons have suffered untold agony for years doctoring for nervous weakness, stomach, liver or kidney disease or some other ailment when their real trouble was lack of iron in the blood.—How to tell.

New York, N. Y.—In a recent discourse Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied widely both in this country and in great European medical institutions, said: "If you were to make an actual blood test on all people who are ill you would probably be greatly astonished at the exceedingly large number who lack iron and who are ill for no other reason than the lack of iron. The moment iron is supplied a multitude of dangerous symptoms disappear. Without iron the blood at once loses the power to change food into living tissue and therefore nothing you eat does you any good; you don't get the strength out of it. Your food merely passes through your system like corn through a mill with the rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind. As a result of this continuous blood and nerve starvation, people become generally weakened, nervous and all run down and frequently develop all sorts of conditions. One is too thin; another is burdened with unhealthy fat; some are so weak they can hardly walk; some think they have dyspepsia, kidney or liver trouble; some can't sleep at night, others are sleepy and tired all day; some fussy and irritable; some skinny and bloodless, but all lack physical power and endurance. In such cases, it is worse than foolishness to take stimulating medicines or narcotic drugs, which only whip up your fagging vital powers for the moment, maybe at the expense of your life later on. No matter what any one tells you, if you are not strong and well you owe it to yourself to make the following test. See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of pale, sickly run down people who were ailing all the time double, and even triple their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of their symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form, and this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. You can talk as you please about all the wonders wrought by new remedies, but when you come down to hard facts there is nothing like good old iron to put color in your cheeks and good sound, healthy flesh on your bones. It is also a great nerve and stomach strengthener and the best blood builder in the world. The only trouble was that the old forms of inorganic iron like tincture of iron, iron acetate, etc., often ruined people's teeth, upset their stomachs and were not assimilated and for these reasons they frequently did more harm than good. But with the discovery of the newer forms of organic iron all this has been overcome. Nuxated Iron for example, is pleasant to take, does not injure the teeth and is almost immediately beneficial.

NOTE—The manufacturers of Nuxated Iron have such unbounded confidence in its potency that they authorize the announcement that they will forfeit $100.00 to any Charitable Institution if they cannot take any man or woman under sixty who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. Also they will refund your money in any case in which Nuxated Iron does not at least double your strength in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

thinking deeply. At length he spoke.

"A few moments ago I called you foolish," he began. "I wish to apologize. It was I who was foolish. From what I have seen I believe I am justified in thinking you have no feeling for Mr. Drummond other than friendship?"

"Senor Gatewood!" reproached Luise. "What did you think?"

"That you loved him—and he you," confessed Gatewood, with deep shame.

This time Luise laughed merrily and her eyes confused the gallant adventurer.

"I am a very bold young woman," she said. "My father always said that if I married I would myself ask the man to be my husband. You noticed that I did not propose to Senor Drummond before he departed."

Gatewood sat up very straight and looked her squarely in both of her dark eyes.

"Luise Rivera," he said, in his best military voice. "If you do not propose to me this instant I shall never speak to you again!"

Luise Rivera blushed a very deep red and then turned almost white at her own temerity. After which, in English, she asked, very prettily:

"Senor Deeck, weel you marry me?"

"Weel I?" roared Gatewood. "Will I? O Lord, and here we are in the open street and everybody looking. Confound these outdoor eating-houses! Let's go at once to some place where we may not be seen, and I will give you my answer."

Some two hours later, Hamilton and Carlotta, returning from a drive, beheld a charming picture in the deserted corridor of the hotel's second floor. It was outside of Luise's door that the picture was being staged.

A very small and very beautiful young woman was being held very, very close against the khaki uniform of a very tall young man, with a shock of curly yellow hair. The young woman was Luise; the young man was Gatewood. As Hamilton and Carlotta gazed, fascinated, the tall young man bent his lips to those of the small young woman, but the sound was so faint that it was not heard. Yet it seemed to reverberate thru the building, so intense was the feeling.

"Thank Heaven, we were mistaken!" whispered Hamilton with a smile. "Carlotta, my dear, do you know you haven't kissed me since we left the carriage?"

The End

His Red Cross Sweetheart

(Continued From Page 13.)

and are run to fetch in the greatest possible income by way of taxes.

He was shrewd enough to loiter in the region where the consul had his office, and search there for the object of his yearning. Ultimately he found what he looked for, yes, and also procured quite a decent article in the way of cigars. Best of all, the hunt and subsequent chat with the tobacconist carefully consumed twenty minutes of his time; so that when victory finally perched on his banner, Boyd concluded it was time for him to make a fresh start in the direction of the gare, or station.

Remembering what the friendly consul had told him concerning the possibility of his being watched, he had glanced cautiously about several times; but if any of those French secret service men, even ordinary gendarmes, or policemen, had camped on his trail, they were clever enough to keep out of his sight, for he could not discover any trace of them.

When he arrived at the station he secured a booking for Paris. He thought the man who waited on him eyed him closely; but then in those strenuous times suspicion was rife, and no one need be surprised at being surveyed as tho he might be believed other than he seemed.

The consul had given him a paper that would go far toward easing his way in case of trouble at any time with the watchful authorities, so Boyd was not borrowing trouble; his own old passport had, of course, been in his coat left aboard the steamer at the time of the foundering, so that he might at some future time be put to more or less inconvenience if he had no means handy by which to prove his identity.

Wishing to finish his cigar in the open air, for he did not mean to travel in a smoking compartment, he walked up and down, and observed the gathering of the passengers bound for the capital. It is always an interesting sight, and particularly so to any one with a bent for analyzing human nature.

It now lacked only ten minutes of the starting time. The crowd had increased, and there were people passing and repassing. Then, suddenly, Boyd made a discovery, for there were those two dark-faced fellows who wore the yellow sign on their persons. They had come back again to the station; perhaps meaning to also start for Paris. He wondered if they had begun to suspect him, and were even then planning how they could get him in a corner, so they could ply him with questions calculated to force him to admit the truth.

Now it would be decidedly unpleasant, at the least, Boyd figured, if those desperate fellows should chance to drop into the same compartment that he occupied. He did not much fancy riding in their company all the way to Paris, for undoubtedly some sort of tragic happening would take place there while the train was booming along at a furious speed.

Then he recollected the further instructions given him by the accommodating consul. Why not try to see what would happen if he made the signal agreed on? He had no sooner thought of this than he proceeded to put the idea into execution. It could at least do no harm, and might relieve him of the further burden of having to dodge those fellows, both on the train and after arriving in Paris.

He deliberately walked toward them a short distance, and then took out his handkerchief in the most matter-of-fact manner imaginable. Deliberately turning his back directly toward the pair, he gave his handkerchief just such a flirt as he had described to the consul, after which he started to blow his nose loudly, once, twice, three times.

Hearing a scuffling noise just then, Boyd hastily whirled around, not wishing to be taken unawares in case there was trouble brewing. But while this proved to be the case, it was none of his affair.

Two quiet-looking men who had been loitering near, apparently innocent enough, had suddenly become active at the anticipated signal. They were scuffling with the precious pair of spies, each having picked out his victim; and since they must understand what a serious outlook stared them in the face the pretended Spanish visitors were putting up a most desperate struggle for liberty.

Then a whistle sounded, possibly blown by one of the French secret service men, only too glad of an opportunity to pit their cunning against their Teuton adversaries in the same general field. If that whistle were a signal it had an immediate answer, for several gendarmes hove in sight, and promptly injected themselves into the scuffle.

The two men were quickly subdued They looked vastly the worse for wear as Boyd stepped forward to take a view of them. One fellow was foaming at the mouth with fury. He glared at Boyd as if he would have given all his hopes of a hereafter for the privilege of getting at his throat, because, of course, they could now guess that he had been chiefly instrumental in causing their arrest; and this told them he could not be what they had believed—a fellow conspirator. Some one must have betrayed the secrets of the combination, and perhaps disaster threatened the whole great fabric, with far-reaching results to the beloved Fatherland.

One of the secret service men was examining the garments of the prisoner, while the police officers kept the gathering crowd at bay; for already the whisper had gone around that enemy spies had been nuzzhf, and the temper of the populace was such that there could be no telling what measures they might take upon themselves to mete out punishment to the prisoners. France had suffered so cruelly from the horrors of war, with all her northern districts held by the enemy, and the inhabitants kept in abject subjection, that a mob would like to make short work of any one stamped as a spy.

Boyd lingered still His train was not due to leave for seven minutes, and he felt more than a passing interest in the affair, since Fate had thrown him into it in such a remarkable manner.

Afterward he came over to where Boyd stood, watching these happenings with interest.

"Pardon, it is M'sieu Kennedy I believe I have the honor of addressing?" he went on to say, in a soft tone, as tho quite sure of his ground. "The American consul he has informed us of everything. We are greatly indebted to you for your assistance in muzzling these—things," and he jerked his thumb backward over his shoulder toward the two fuming prisoners. "Depend on it they will have no opportunity to play the part of munition-plant destroyers in your noble country. Incriminating documents found on them stamp them as spies, and as such they shall be treated. M'sieu, again I thank you for your aid. So may the spirit of true republics always stretch out a helping hand to one another in times of distress. I salute you, m'sieu!"

Boyd smiled and shook hands with the agent. Then, giving a last look at the snarling dark-faced spies, he walked directly over to his compartment and entered. It lacked just three minutes of train time, and Boyd felt a delightful anticipation of the journey to Paris, and—well, other possibilities that lay beyond, of which mention need not be made.

The last he saw of the party, the gendarmes were forming a solid phalanx around the two secret service men and the pair who had their wrists encircled with steel links. The men at least did not cower, but walked upright, looking sneeringly to the right and left at the now shouting throng.

"I'm glad to see they are no cowards, whatever else they may be," Boyd told himself. "They long anticipated just such a happening as this, and must have steeled their nerves against the day when they would stare their fate in the face. That day has come at last, and two more dangerous spies will no longer trouble poor suffering France and unsuspicious America, the sleeping giant."

So they passed from his sight. He had no scruple of conscience on account of the share he had taken in their arrest. Men who could so basely plot to blow up munition works where women and girls were employed in droves, and who could lay plans for the sinking of passenger steamers carrying helpless ones who were not connected with the war, had no right to ask for pity, nor would they have accepted it if given, such was their intense hatred for their enemies.

He could hear the cries that presaged the starting of the train. Now people were hurrying this way and that—some to find room aboard, while others, who were not going, waved farewells to friends bound for Paris. There had been a time, and not so long ago, either, when people flocked out of the French capital, under the conviction that it was doomed again to fall into the hands of the invading German host; but valiant old Joffre had changed all that with his grand victory on the Marne; and from that day to this Paris was rendered safe.

At last the train commenced to move. They were off, and in due time, with a fair measure of good luck, would arrive at their destination.

Boyd Kennedy, pretty well satisfied with things in general, was due for a great surprise before he reached the end of his train journey. His fellow passenger in the compartment administers it, as you will find in the next installment, to appear in the Ledger next week.

The Target.

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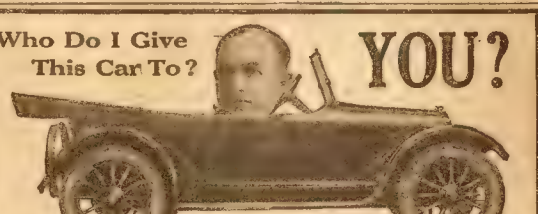

On February 23, 1918

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By Paths of Peril

By Dan A. Keller

The Story's Story.

TONY WOODS, a country boy on his way to New York, falls into the clutches of Jerrold and Chalk, confidence men, but threatens them with a cane and escapes. Tony's uncle, Jasper Sharp, and O'Dell, his partner, are cruel in their treatment of Vesta Moore, who comes to pawn the family jewels. In Evan Bates, a customer, Tony thinks he finds the long-lost uncle of his chum, Billy Bates. Sharp refuses to let Bates redeem his valuables and betrays that he knows Jerrold. Tony is discharged when he takes Vesta's part against O'Dell and gets a job with Erastus Shell, a Government inspector. Tony saves a countryman whom Jerrold and Chalk are trying to fleece. Billy Bates comes to New York and his pocketbook is stolen. He recognizes Sommers, the thief, causes his arrest and recovers his property. A note from Vesta takes the boys to her home from which valuables have been stolen. In the description of a man who limps, presumably the thief, they see Chalk. They see O'Dell slip into the building where they believe Chalk is to be found. Jasper Sharp betrays he is a tool of O'Dell. As the boys leave a movie show O'Dell attacks them. As a climax to an exciting day they rescue the wealthy Mrs. Van Stanley from a runaway. O'Dell tells Jerrold and Chalk to get Tony out of the way. O'Dell goes to see Paul Norton, whom he had hired to rob the Moore home, and the latter, conscience-stricken, mails $10 to Mr. [illegible] anonymously. O'Dell surprises Sharp looking over the stolen jewels and threatens him if he tries to return them. The boys are invited to Murray Hill by Mrs. Van Stanley, and each is presented with a beautiful gold watch. They are introduced to Pauline and Carolyn, Mrs. Van Stanley's young daughters. The next day Tony's employer gives him the task of watching for a suspected smuggler of diamonds. While at this work the boy is overtaken by Chalk, bailed to a distant building and left firmly bound to a chair. He is discovered by a girl of 16, and prevails upon her and her one newsboy friend, Tinky, to release him. Not finding his employer in the office, he goes to his own room, where Evan Bates awaits him. O'Dell arrives unexpectedly and a struggle between the two men ensues in which Bates is victor. Giving Tony O'Dell's office key, Bates sends him after his watch, since the boy knows the combination of the safe. Billy arrives and meets his uncle. Thru threats of blackmail, Jerrold gets Jasper Sharp to indorse his note for $5,000. The latter goes downtown to take from his office safe an incriminating paper, and is surprised there by the arrival of Tony. The boy is allowed to take the watch to its owner, and Bates then permits O'Dell to go, altho the latter threatens vengeance. Next day Billy and Tony recognize him in disguise, and when he enters the home of the Moores and claims to be an officer, Tony exposes him. Jerrold, disguised as an old man of 70, presently comes to Inspector Shell's office in the latter's absence; but before he can injure Tony, who is alone, the boy whips out a revolver from his desk, and holds the man a prisoner until his employer's return. While the inspector is 'phoning for the police, Jerrold manages to escape.

You can go on with the story from here. If you want the first part in full, back copies of the Ledger may be obtained from news dealers, our agents or direct by mail from the office of publication. The story began in No. 51, December 22.

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CHAPTER XIV.

MR. GREEN'S "FRIEND."

"TONY," cried Billy Bates, as he burst into the room in DeKoven street shortly after our hero had reached it, after his adventure with Jerrold in the inspector's office, "I have again run across our old neighbor, Tobias Green."

Tony reflected a moment.

"You remember saving Mr. Green from the clutches of Jerrold and Chalk when they were pretending to guide him to a hotel after his arrival in the city?"

"Certainly. Is the old gentleman here yet?"

"Yes. He says he likes the city so well that he talks of remaining and not going back to New Jersey."

"What is he doing?"

"He's opened a little notion store down on Albany street. You know his nephew had a store of that kind in Perkshire near the railroad station."

"So he had," said Tony. "But Mr. Green will find it hard sledding in New York."

"He's put about all his capital in the venture and says that he has some backing besides. He's rented the upper room over the store to a man who limps."

"What?" cried Tony, with a sudden start. "A man who limps? Mr. Chalk has a lame leg."

"And so has the man who robbed the Moores of the pawn tickets, you remember?"

Tony did remember.

"So the lame man is backing Mr. Green?"

"Yes."

"Did you see the backer?"

"No," answered Billy. "Tobias thinks he is just the man for the money, as he expresses it."

"There's something behind all this, Billy," Tony remarked slowly. "Tobias

Squatted on the Beam That Projected Into the Cellar Was an Animal.

Green is being worked by the sharpers. The old man has a good deal of money and they are after it. I should hate to see him fleeced."

"Well, it's his own lookout," replied Billy.

"That's one way to look at it, Billy. I would like to get a glimpse of the man in the room over Mr. Green's store."

"We might do so by going down there."

It was promptly decided that they would go downtown, and "spy out the man," as Billy said. Tobias Green was an unsophisticated individual who could easily be imposed upon by city sharks, and Tony did not doubt that he had fallen into the clutches of a gang to which such men as Chalk, Jerrold, and Sam O'Dell belonged.

Night had fallen when the pair set out for the little store. They found Tobias in the place all alone, sitting behind his counter waiting for a customer. His stock in trade was small, and the shelves looked as if he had sold nothing since he opened up.

He greeted the boys warmly and [illegible] glad to see them.

"Trade is dull so far, but it will come my way soon," he said, with a smile. "I've got the only store of the kind in the neighborhood, and Mr. Jenkins says I'm all right."

"Who is Mr. Jenkins?" inquired Tony.

"He's the man who lives overhead," was the reply. "He's one of the shrewdest men you ever saw, knows all about the city, and is willing to back me for any sum."

"How did you first run across him?"

"Met him accidentally in the park. He could live among the millionaires if he cared to, but he prefers a quiet place."

"You've put a good deal of money in the store, Mr. Green?"

"Yes, some. I'm going to sell my farm in New Jersey and branch out a little stiffer. Mr. Jenkins is going to negotiate the sale, and I've given him power of attorney; that is, he has the right to transact the whole business and will pay the purchase money over to me when he gets it."

The boys exchanged quick glances.

"Don't you think you've put too much trust in Mr. Jenkins?" asked Tony.

"Oh, no," was the answer. "He's honest from the ground up. Such a nice man; got good New Jersey blood in his veins."

Tony was nonplused for a moment. Such innocence as was shown on the part of Tobias Green startled him.

"I think," he said, at last, "that you could have sold your farm thru another party just as well. What if your confidence in Mr. Jenkins should be misplaced?"

"That's impossible. Don't I know that he's straight as a [illegible]?"

"Because he told you so? You've never investigated?"

"It wasn't necessary. Mr. Jenkins brought a friend in the other day and he vouched for him."

"What was the friend's name?"

"I believe Mr. Jenkins called him Chalk."

Both boys laughed to themselves.

"So Mr. Chalk vouched for Mr. Jenkins!"

"Yes, he said he was one of the best men in New York, and that was enough for me."

"I should like to see your friend Mr. Jenkins," observed Tony.

Just then footsteps were heard on a stairway which led to the room overhead, and Mr. Green smiled.

"That's Mr. Jenkins now," said he. "He goes out every night to meet some of the rich financiers of the city. He generally drops in to pass the time of night."

A man entered the store at that moment, and the two boys noticed him at once. He was a good-looking individual, well dressed, and he limped a little as he came forward.

He did not observe the boys till he was nearly beside them. He spoke pleasantly to Tobias Green, who returned the salutation and looked triumphantly at Tony and Billy.

"Just dropped in to say a word, Mr. Green," said the man. "The board of directors have a night meeting and my presence is needed."

"Which one of your boards is it, Mr. Jenkins?" inquired Tobias.

"It's the board of directors of the American Security Company," was the lofty reply. "We are making a loan of a few millions, and have other financial matters to discuss. A very important meeting, as you will observe, Tobias."

"Oh," said Mr. Green, "I thought perhaps it was the bank board."

"No, it met last night and tomorrow I meet the directors of the Kimberly Mines."

With these remarks Mr. Jenkins sauntered out.

"That's the man!" said Tobias Green. "Don't you see he has his hands full? He's very rich, and there is no telling how many great schemes he has on the string."

The surprise of the two chums was complete.

"We'll drop in again," said Tony. "Just now we have a little matter to attend to."

Tobias was left to himself while the two boys hurried away.

"We'll see about this directors' meeting," Tony said to Billy. "Tobias is in the snare for certain. These scals will have every cent of his money if they are not prevented."

Jenkins was not yet out of sight, and being agile and secretive, it was not a difficult matter for the boys to follow him.

They kept him in sight, despite the press of people on the streets, and presently saw him dart into the stairway that led to the quarters of Jerrold and Chalk.

"Birds of a feather!" cried Billy Bates. "Back to the old nest. Now, if Mr. Green could be here he might change his opinion of the wealthy and nice Mr. Jenkins."

The boys dared not follow Jenkins any farther than the sidewalk, so they drew off. In the course of an hour, however, he tripped out of the building and walked away, tracked as before.

This time he made his way to the park, where he seated himself and took a cigar from his case.

Not far off stood two police[illegible] had already observed Mr. Jenkins, and Tony and Billy stole toward them and sat down.

Tony remembered that one of the patrolmen was a person who had given Mr. Shell, the inspector, some valuable information but a few days before, and when he was alone he went forward.

"I work in Mr. Shell's office," said Tony, looking up into the officer's face. "[illegible] remember you," was the [illegible] but if you don't mind giving me a little information, I'd like to bother you."

"What is it, my boy?"

Tony glanced toward the satisfied Jenkins, who was enjoying his smoke and turned again to the policeman.

"It's about the man on the seat yonder."

"Reddy Jenkins, [illegible]"

"Yes, sir, but I [illegible] name before."

"Oh, Reddy is a shrewd one. We'd like to land him, but it's hard to find anything tangible a[illegible]"

"What does he do?"

"Oh, he fleeces about every countryman he comes across. He understands the business, I tell you. What is he up to now?"

"He's going to sell a farm in Jersey for an old man who came to the city from there."

"And put all the money in his own pockets?"

"There's no doubt of that."

The officer was interested from the start and drew Tony to one side. "Now give me the whole layout," said he, and our young hero was not slow to comply.

"So that's what Reddy is up to?" said the policeman. "He's got partners, of course?"

"Yes, two men called Jerrold and Chalk."

"A beautiful trio, to be sure," commented the patrolman, with a little laugh. "And I'm sure he is the man who robbed a widow and her daughter of their pawn ticket."

"Got down to robbery, has he? Well, he's been going some of late, I see."

By this time another man had joined Jenkins on the park bench, and Tony gasped.

"The new man is Sam O'Dell!" said he, giving the officer a quick glance.

"Two of a kind, no doubt," was the reply. "If you will notice, boy, you will see a bush just back of the seat. Do you think you could get behind it and enjoy their conversation?"

"I can try," said Tony, confidently.

"Then do so, and when they are thru I'll hear your report."

With this the boy slipped away and began to move cautiously toward the designated shrubbery.

CHAPTER XV.

TWO BOYS AND A CAT.

"HOW are matters progressing?" were the first words Tony heard from the park bench. They were spoken by Sam O'Dell.

"Everything is as fine as silk," was the reply.

"The old jay is still in the dark?"

"Completely so. He thinks I'm just the

proper caper. I'm going over to New Jersey in a few days to sell the farm."

"Yes. You know our agreement? I'm to take over the place and we'll divide."

"Yes, Sam. I've got the whole thing in hand, and when old Mr. Green wakes up he'll know more about humanity than he does now. By the way, are you bothered any more by those people on Pineapple street?"

"The widow and her girl? No. I'm not pestered any more by them, and I don't intend to be."

This was but a part of the conversation that rewarded Tony's trick, and when the two occupants of the bench had gone he went back to the policeman.

"Just as I suspected," said the policeman. "They're both old birds ready to dip their beaks into anything."

"But they'll rob Mr. Green of his little home."

"Not if you and I can prevent it, boy," was the retort. "Sam O'Dell is in partnership with Mr. Jasper Sharp, isn't he?"

"And Jasper Sharp is my uncle, who is wholly in the power of the scoundrel."

"I see," said the policeman.

"It's a pity that such men have a skeleton in their closets," remarked the officer before Tony left him.

Receiving a promise that Jenkins would be looked after, Tony and Billy left the park. O'Dell and Jenkins had passed out of sight and were not to be easily found again.

"I've a mind," said Tony, "to go back to Tobias Green's shop and unmask Reddy Jenkins."

"He might laugh at you," replied Billy. "He is so wrapped up in that villain that it would be hard to convince him that he is not a perfect gentleman."

They were passing along one of the great retail streets of the city when a hand was laid upon Tony's arm.

Turning quickly he looked into the cold face and searching eyes of Jerrold.

"What's wanting?" demanded Tony, drawing back.

"I want you," was the answer. "And this is your pal, eh?"

"I'm Tony's friend!" cried Billy, coming up at this moment

"I thought so. Come along."

"You've no right to take us," Billy exclaimed, as he glanced around in search of a policeman.

"I haven't eh? I'll show you. No squealing, young gents. Come with me."

"Not without a fight," and Tony suddenly bolted away and then faced Jerrold.

"What's the matter, sir?" inquired a policeman, who came up and addressed the man.

"Oh, is it you, Reilly? These young larks have been giving me some trouble. They're nephews of mine and I'm their legal guardian. I want to take them home, that's all."

"Take 'em home, sir," was the reply. "If they don't go I'll take 'em to the station house."

This was a new state of affairs, and the audacity of Jerrold nearly took the boys' breath.

"Go with your uncle," advised the patrolman. "Ef ye don't ye'll soon be the worst little rats in the hull city. You've had better raising. I've no doubt."

"They've been raised well enough," said Jerrold. "They ran away from home two weeks ago, and I've been looking for them ever since."

"Then take 'em along, and don't spare the sprouts ef they don't obey ye."

The next moment the policeman had hailed a cab which rattled to the sidewalk and halted.

"I've called a cab for ye," he exclaimed to Jerrold. "The young rats might give ye the slip otherwise."

Jerrold thanked the officer, and in a moment had collared the boys, whom, since he was a man of great strength, he hustled toward the vehicle.

Before either Tony or Billy could recover from their astonishment they were in the cab, and Jerrold was seated facing them. He had given the driver orders in an undertone before the door had shut, and in a moment the cab was rattling over the stones of the lighted streets.

"Not a whimper out of you!" said the voice of the rascal. "It will be the better if you keep a still tongue in your heads."

"But you've no right to take us thus!" cried Billy. "You wouldn't play this kind of a game at Woodlawn."

"Hang Woodlawn!" was the reply in the semi-darkness.

"Where are we going?" asked Tony.

"You'll find out directly. Silence just now is golden, and you are my prisoners."

The boys made no further remarks, for they knew none would help them, so they settled back into the depths of the cab and waited for what would turn up next.

It seemed a long ride, but at last the rattling vehicle drew toward the pavement and came to a halt. The door was opened by Jerrold, who stepped out. The boys saw that they were in a part of the city which they had never visited.

It was a narrow and dark street, and the houses were old frame ones almost ready to fall from decay. That it was a mean quarter they did not doubt, and when the hands of Jerrold pulled them from the cab they looked around for a better view of the vicinity.

"Straight ahead," commanded the ruffian. "It's the house right before you."

Tony and Billy, clutched all the while by the grip of the rascal, were soon within the house. There was a foul smell in the dark hallway which they had entered, and when Jerrold struck a match along the wall the flames revealed an undesirable place.

"Move on!" cried Jerrold, holding the match before his face.

At the end of the corridor was a door which the fellow kicked open and a flight of steps was revealed.

The boys hesitated and drew back.

"Down ye go!" said Jerrold. "I'm master in this place."

Forced to descend the stairway, Tony and Billy, partners now in misfortune, reached a landing which was wholly dark. They heard a door shut above them. Then came to their ears the faint sound of retreating footsteps and then—silence.

They could hardly believe that their adventure was not all a dream. They stood together in the gloom and listened for a noise of some kind.

"This beats the dungeons we used to read about in the books," said Billy's voice, at last.

"It's bad enough, Billy, but it might be worse."

"I can't see how."

"He might have taken our lives."

"Well, we're liable to spend the rest of our days in this terrible place, and no one will ever know what became of us."

For some time they talked thus, and then Tony declared that while life lasted he would not surrender hope, and at his suggestion they began to explore their dungeon.

"What's that strange noise?" suddenly exclaimed Billy, clutching Tony's sleeve.

"It sounds like the swish of water."

"We must be near the river. Ah, it is the river! But there's no passage leading to it. Jerrold made sure of that before he brought us here."

The walls of the prison were of stone, and the boys came back to their starting point without having discovered a single loophole of escape.

The dungeon was devoid of anything comfortable, not a single chair nor a cot, and for a few moments despair seemed to overwhelm them.

There was no way of telling darkness from daylight in that horrid place, and they doubted not that they were to be left to perish there by Jerrold and his partners in crime.

Of course the door at the head of the steps had been made fast from the other side, and there was no way of successfully attacking it. This the young prisoners soon discovered.

"There's water about my feet," suddenly cried Billy, springing back. "It wasn't there when we first came into this dungeon."

"It's the tide perhaps."

"Yes, and it may fill the old cellar!"

There was danger of this, as Tony well knew, but he did not express his fears to his friend.

The water gradually became a little deeper, driving them to the farthest wall, and there their retreat was shut off.

All at once Billy uttered a cry and fell against his companion. The same sound which had startled him had fallen upon Tony's ears as well.

It was the cry of an animal of some kind, and it seemed to come from overhead.

"If we only had some matches!" said Tony.

"I'll make one more search in my pockets for them," was the reply. "Ah, here's a broken match. Now, if it's but the friction end we'll be all O. K."

The next moment Billy drew his "find"

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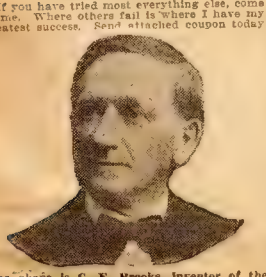

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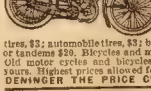

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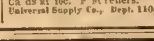

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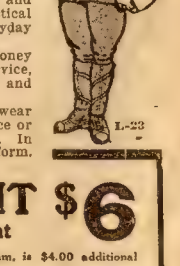

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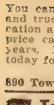

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across the stone wall, and to the joy of both boys, a spark leaped out.

"Good!" exclaimed Tony. "We're not so unlucky, after all."

Billy held the blazing splinter up and looked around.

At first they saw nothing, and then, falling against the old wall again, Billy pointed upward. "Look! Tony, look!" he cried, "see, yonder's the thing that made that horrible noise."

Tony looked up and beheld squatted on a beam that projected into the cellar an animal that at first sight sent a shiver of fright thru every part of his frame.

Two fiery eyeballs seemed to bulge toward them, and while they gazed without a word, the grotesque object moved and whined dolefully. It was a great black cat, larger than anything of the kind they had ever seen, and the monster seemed about to launch herself upon them.

The match went out amid tense silence. The cat vanished with the light, and the boys heard the beating of their own hearts.

"Cheer up, Billy," said Tony, breaking the silence. "All's not lost yet. If the cat can get in here there may be a way out for us."

"I believe it, Tony. I'll get out of here if she can."

Another feline whine answered the boy, and then the dreadful silence came on again.

CHAPTER XVI.

DISSOLVING PARTNERSHIP.

WHILE Tony and Billy were seeking for a loophole of escape from the cellar into which they had been thrown by the rascal Jerrold, in another part of the city one of the prominent characters of our story was playing one of his sinister games.

Sam O'Dell, who was at heart a coward, had of late feared that his meanness would sooner or later bring him to justice, and he resolved to make one bold play and get out of the tangle.

To this end, on the very night of the boys' startling adventure, he presented himself at the home of his partner, Jasper Sharp. He found Tony's relative at home and in no happy mood.

The moment O'Dell entered the room the face of Jasper Sharp turned pale, and for a few seconds he sat and looked at the scoundrel as if he wished it were in his power to put an end to his existence then and there.

"I have called," began Sam, in his oily manner, "to say, Jasper, that we might come to a conclusion that would be to the advantage of both of us."

Jasper Sharp raised his head and studied the face before him.

"You know what is in the safe," continued Sam. "The papers, or rather the confession, is where I can lay hand on it at a moment's notice."

"Yes."

"You looked for it not long ago."

Jasper Sharp gave a quick start and dropped his gaze.

"You see I know pretty nearly everything that's going on. It's hard to fool me."

There was no reply and after a little silence the designing fellow went on: "I'll sell the confession," and he leaned toward Mr. Sharp, who seemed to see a ray of hope amid the darkness.

"What do you ask for it?"

"I'll be easy with you, Jasper," smiled Sam. "I'll get rid of it for ten thousand."

The face of Tony's uncle fell and he trembled.

"I haven't that sum at my command," said he, in low tones. "I have been unfortunate of late."

"But you can raise the amount. Your credit is good."

"Yes, for small amounts."

"It's the bargain of a lifetime, Jasper," pursued O'Dell. "I want to get out of the business, and I have another thing on hand and a better one."

"Sam," said Jasper, "don't you think you ask an unreasonable sum for the—the papers?"

"It's up to you, sir. If your future isn't worth more than ten thousand dollars, then I will go."

He arose and moved toward the door. A drawer at Jasper Sharp's elbow was partly open. In it, within plain sight, lay a silver-mounted revolver, and the broker knew that it was loaded in its six chambers. He could snatch it from its hiding-place and end the whole matter between them. They were the only tenants of the house, and the shot would not be heard on the street.

"Come, Jasper," said Sam, "you don't want to think of using the weapon on me I've prepared for that. If I am killed in this house, you will not be the gainer."

Jasper groaned. He was wholly in the hands of his partner.

"It's the last offer," continued O'Dell. "It's ten thousand or your name in the newspapers tomorrow."

There was no mercy in these words. They fell coldly and with terrible distinctness from Sam O'Dell's lips.

"This house is worth that sum," said Jasper, with another groan. "I own it, Sam."

"But I don't want real estate. I want the ready cash."

Slowly Jasper rose from his chair and crossed the room to a little safe in one corner. As he stooped he threw a look over his shoulder at his visitor.

"I've got some money in trust here," said he. "It is not mine. I have been taking care of it for a lady up town, a widow."

"Oh, you can pay her back in time."

"I can try," answered the broker between set teeth. "It would be robbing her."

"But it would secure the confession."

Slowly Jasper Sharp opened the safe and took out a long black pocketbook. With this in his hands he came back to the table. All the time he was regarded like a hawk by Sam O'Dell.

Jasper began to count out some crisp bills, and at last he shoved them across the table toward Sam.

"There!" he cried. "There's the price of a human soul."

"Just as one views it," was the reply. "Have you got the paper with you?"

Sam O'Dell put one hand into an inner pocket and took out an envelope. Sharp's eyes glistened.

As O'Dell's long hand clutched the bills he flung the envelope across the table.

"I keep my bargains always," said Sam. "Now, Jasper, you've got it at last."

The hand of Jasper Sharp caught up the envelope and opened it. A rapid glance caused him to raise his eyes and they met those of his partner.

"It's here," said he. "It's all right, Sam."

With a little chuckle the rascal rose and turned away.

"It's no longer Sharp & O'Dell," continued Jasper. "The firm stands dissolved."

"Just as you please."

"I will never again become the partner of a scoundrel!"

"Call me all the pet names you please, Jasper," laughed O'Dell. "I can afford it."

"The time is coming when the rope will shut off your existence. You are the greatest villain unhung. I can atone for—for early indiscretion, but you—you will pay for your villainy in a court of justice!"

"I reckon that I am capable of taking care of myself!" cried Sam. "I've taken from the safe at the office everything that belongs to me."

"What have you done with Mrs. Moore's wedding jewels?"

"Got your eye on the widow, have you?" were the heartless words. "Never mind where the jewels are."

"But you've no right to them. She can redeem them at any time."

"Let me show you something," and O'Dell came back and dropped into the chair at the edge of the table.

At the same time his hand was lost in the depths of his pocket, and he brought out a little package.

"Somebody robbed the safe of Evan Bates' watch, and I can inform you, Jasper, that it was that nosing nephew of yours. No, sir, here are the jewels," and he held up the package before Sharp while his ratlike eyes fairly glittered.

"You're a monster, Sam O'Dell!" cried the broker.

"Of course I am. Do you think I'm going out into the world a beggar? Not much!"

"Aren't you going to restore the jewels to Mrs. Moore?" asked Jasper Sharp.

"I am not."

The look which passed from Jasper Sharp to O'Dell would have slain if it had been an arrow.

"I hope justice will soon overtake you. I will teach my nephew never to pattern after the likes of you."

"You may do so when you find the young rat," was the response.

Jasper started visibly.

"What have you done to Tony?" he cried.

"Nothing in particular, only he and his chum have been taught a needful lesson."

"You've harmed the boy?"

"Well, he'll never again interfere with a gentleman's affairs. I am the man of the hour, Jasper."

Jasper Sharp was on his feet in a second, and the revolver was in his hand.

"This is the height of wickedness!" came from his tongue. "I should kill you where you stand!"

With a practiced will, as coolness Sam O'Dell took out his watch and glanced at the dial.

"It wants ten minutes of 10," he said. "If I am not at a certain place at 10 there'll be something doing. You can shoot if you want to, Jasper, but you reap the whirlwind afterward."

Tony's uncle groaned, and the weapon nearly dropped from his hand. He knew what Sam meant.

"You don't dare to shoot, eh?" said O'Dell, with a smile, "I thought not."

"Good night, Jasper," said he. "I wish you well when you start business for yourself."

He opened the door and threw a look at his late partner.

"One moment!" cried Jasper Sharp. "You are sure you haven't preserved a copy of the paper with you have just sold me?"

"You've got the original," was the reply.

"But the copy? You are keeping the copy, aren't you?"

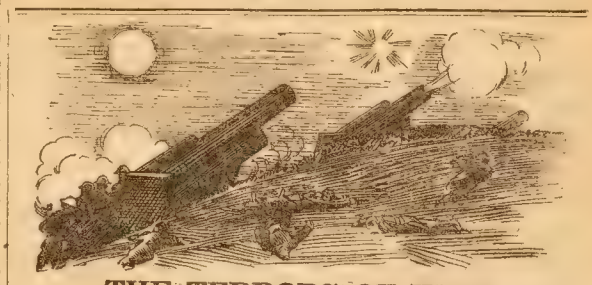
There was no reply, but the look of O'Dell was enough. Again the broker's hand tightened on the revolver. It came up on a level with Sam O'Dell's face.

"It's but five minutes of ten now," said that worthy. "Why don't you shoot, Jasper?"

But Jasper dared not. His face went white as ashes and he dropped back into his chair. Was there ever such a man as Sam O'Dell?

"I must be going; the boys are waiting for me," he said. "I wish you good luck, Jasper."

He opened the door and flung himself into the hallway. Jasper Sharp sprang



THE TERRORS OF WAR

Pluck and stamina, vim and vigor, bravery and efficiency are all dependent on good health. Whether victory results from the cannon's mouth depends on the men behind the guns. It only takes a knockdown blow to finish a man with shaky nerves, with headache or backache, bilious—with kidneys or liver impaired.

It was not until the discovery by Sir Arthur Gerod, in 1848, that the blood of gouty patients contained uric acid in an excessively large amount, that much attention was paid to this subject. Later scientific men learned that in gout, also rheumatism, the kidneys do not work properly to throw off the uric acid poison; consequently uric acid crystals are deposited in and about the joints, in the muscles, where an inflammation is set up in the nearby tissues.

Hague has said, that "gout is rheumatism, and rheumatism is gout." If uric acid is formed in excess within the body it is passed on to the kidneys, which act as a filter to pass off this poison. If the excess is not excreted by the kidneys, it is distributed through the tissues. The choice sites for such storage are in the joints muscle-sheaths, where the circulation is weakest, and where also the alkalinity of the blood is lowest. Consequently we must do everything to throw off this uric acid poison, and simple methods are best. Flush the kidneys by drinking 6 to 8 glasses of water between meals. A pint of hot water a half hour before meals.

Take Anuric (double strength) three times a day for awhile. Invigorate and assist the kidneys to flush out the uric acid poisons. During cold or rainy weather the circulation is apt to be sluggish and the blood stream retarded. If uric acid is present it is apt to clog the capillaries. This accounts for many acute conditions, such as headache, neuralgia, gastric disturbances, and dull mind. As the condition progresses, we often have lumbago, disease of the heart and arteries, breaking down of the kidneys, rheumatism and gouty symptoms. Eat less meat, drink more water and take An-u-ric (double strength) after meals and at bed time for several weeks at a time, and you will be free from uric acid and the diseases that follow.

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forward and called his name. The face which Sam O'Dell turned toward him he never forgot.

Not only was he looking into his old partner's eyes, but the muzzle of a revolver as well. The broker staggered back with a gasp.

"It's a game two can play at—see?" cried Sam. "You took me unawares a moment ago, but now I'm master of the situation."

For a minute the two men glared at each other, and O'Dell stepped back. "Don't put any one on my trail," he exclaimed. "It would hurt you, Jasper."

There was no answer.

Just as Sam gained the outer door with the gaze of Jasper Sharp riveted upon him, the door opened with a little clang.

A sharp cry came from O'Dell's throat. "The boy!" Jasper Sharp heard him say. "Who let you out, you little rat?"

"The cat did it, Sam O'Dell!" cried Tony Woods. "There was a cat in the dungeon."

"And a black one at that!" almost shouted a voice behind Tony.

Tony's adventures are brought to a startling close next week, and another boy's story, "Fifty Thousand Dollars Reward," will begin as a serial in the Ledger dated February 2.

Hunting the Mastodon.

(Continued From Page 10.)

informed of the party's destination. Ayelward and Grahame purchased an eighty-foot Yorke boat, equipped with a twelve-foot square sail, and also two canoes to be used in case of any mishap to the larger boat.

Leaving Resolution, after only one day's stop, they headed across the lake with a brisk wind behind them. Reaching the northern side, they began their northeasterly course, hugging the shore closely, to make landing easy when faced with unfavorable winds.

Then followed a month of weary sailing. Baffling head winds, dead calms, and stormy waters fought their progress. But, taking advantage of every good wind, and sailing sometimes for thirty consecutive hours while it lasted, the little party, late in the afternoon of the 25th of July, ended their journey on the shore of Mackay Lake, at a point nearest the inland site of Fort Enterprise.

Back from the lake shore, hardly two hundred yards away, a great square mass of granite greeted their sight, an odd, seemingly out-of-place formation, against the gently rolling, treeless tundra stretching interminably away on every side.

After Isadore had made the boat fast to a fresh-driven stake, the entire party came ashore.

While Grahame and the rest began unloading, Ayelward, with remembrance of the warning words of Fletcher, the factor at Resolution, regarding the possibility of meeting hostile Indians, walked over to view the rock as a possible site for a camp.

Personally he placed little store in the matter, tho Fletcher had said most emphatically: "You can't be too careful. Of course, most of the Indians are friendly from long intercourse with the white men. But there's a few bad hards yet, and you're going into practically unknown country. Some of those wandering Sicannies would like nothing better than to get ahold of your ten tons of provisions; and your guns and ammunition would be the find of their lives. They've killed whites killed in that country in the last few years, so don't take any chances. If possible, always camp high, or in such a position as to make it difficult for them to approach you unawares."

It was remembrance of these last words that had turned Ayelward's step toward the rock.

After ten minutes of examination, he decided that its top was an ideal spot to camp, offering as it did an almost impregnable position against attack.

On three sides the granite walls rose almost sheer up to perhaps a height of twenty feet. On the fourth and narrowest side facing the lake, the incline was less steep, and access to the plateau was made possible on account of the face of the rock being broken to form a rough series of steps. This, coupled with an incline of about ten per cent, made clambering to its top possible with a little exertion. The plateau was level and covered with a thick carpet of caribou moss. Perhaps two hundred feet square, it offered not only plenty of room for the tents, but a safe place for the provisions.

With the absolute necessity of a base camp from which to conduct their search, Ayelward was highly pleased with this opportune placing of an almost made-to-order fortress.

Fortunately, with the experience of old campaigners, he and Grahame had included in their outfit almost everything imaginable that might possibly be needed. So, with the unloading of the Yorke boat, a coil of stout rope and a wheel pulley were unpacked and rigged upon the top of the rock by driving a stout stick into a long crevice in the granite. By aid of this the hoisting of the entire outfit was accomplished by early evening.

The Yorke boat was then run into deep water and anchored, the breeds rowing themselves ashore in one canoe, leaving the other aboard.

Following this—the two tents were erected a few feet apart in the center of the plateau—the larger one as combined dining-room and sleeping quarters for the men, while Doris occupied the smaller. Around the two tents, in the form of a low barricade, were placed and covered with tarpaulin the boxes of goods and sacks of flour.

The sun was just dropping over the rim of the world when the little party found that, at least for the moment, there was nothing further to do, and prepared for bed. Tho the sun had only set, leaving still broad daylight, it was some minutes after midnight, for they had reached a northern latitude where in summer real night does not fall. With the going of the sun comes only a long twilight, fading into an hour of partial darkness that gives way again to breaking day. But they were all used to this almost continual daylight by now, and tired with the hard toil of the past few hours, soon fell asleep.

Armed with the parchment and a Government map, the adventurers are off to locate the mysterious valley and strange adventures befall them. The story grows amazingly in the next installment, which will appear in the Ledger of next week.

A State of Preparedness.

"THIS is no time to talk peace," declared Representative Thomas Heflin of Alabama. "Rather it is the time to keep on preparing. Germany dragged us into this war against our will, and now that we are in it we have to go thru with it. We can win this war in a year, beyond a doubt, but we have got to keep going. The United States is in pretty good shape now, and there is no reason why we should talk peace.

"There was an old fellow down in north Alabama and out in the mountains; he kept his jug in the hole of a log. He would go down at sundown to take a swig of mountain dew—mountain dew that had never been humiliated by a revenue officer nor insulted by a green stamp. He drank that liquid concoction that came fresh from the heart of the corn, and he glowed. One evening while he was letting the good liquid trickle down his throat he felt something touch his foot. He looked down and saw a big rattlesnake coiled ready to strike.

"The old fellow took another swig of the corn, and in defiance he swept that snake with his eyes.

"'Strike, dern you, strike, you will never find me better prepared.'

"That's the way I feel about the present situation."

Wanted Enlightenment.

THE conversation at a Washington social session turned to the subject of curiosity, when Congressman M. Evans of Montana, said he was reminded of a little incident along that line.

One evening a stranger sat alone reading a newspaper in the lobby of a country hotel. Close by was a party of drummers who were rather extravagantly telling of the wonderful success they had achieved. Finally, the lone man arose and went over to them.

"Excuse me," he politely interrupted, "but there is a question on which you may enlighten me. Why are you called drummers?"

"That's an easy one, old pal," was the laughing rejoinder of one of the party. "We drum up trade, don't we?"

"Yes," thoughtfully returned the lone man, with a perplexed look. "But why drum? The drum is not a wind instrument."

The Big Trouble.

"Do you have any trouble with your steam furnace?"

"Nothing, except getting coal for it."

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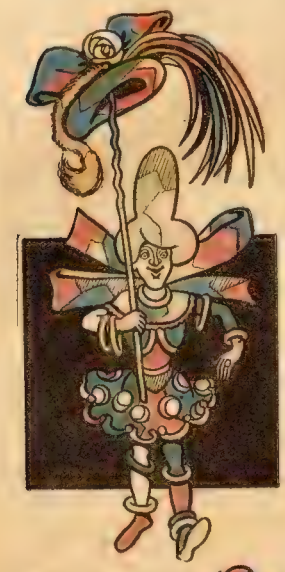
WHAT HAPPENED IN CRAZYQUILT LAND

MR. ZIGGLE-ZAGGLE PRACTICES SOME CAMOUFLAGE

IF RAYMOND and Lucille were surprised at the things they saw on the way to Ragatag, surely it may be said that their astonishment knew no bounds at the strange sights that greeted them at Mrs. Ragatag's reception in their honor.

The hostess had invited the best people of the land, and they came in all their glory and magnificence. The stylish Mrs. Van Puff took advantage of the occasion to display her latest millinery creation, a Crazyquilt hat made of the brightest rags she could obtain, and for fear every one would not see it, she carried the hat on a stick instead of wearing it on her head. All the other Crazyquilt ladies turned green with envy, for some of them had been red, blue, orange and almost every other color until Mrs. Van Puff arrived with her new headpiece. Even Mrs. Ragatag herself didn't gain the admiring attention she had hoped for, altho the seamstress had been busy for an hour or more sewing the gaudiest patches on her.



There was a grand march to a tune played by a Crazyquilt piper, and Professor Do Re Mi directed the music. Professor Do Re Mi was the oddest looking creature, being part bird, or so it seemed to the duplicate children. Every little while he would gather together the notes of music which had been played by the piper, and stuffed them back into the piper, to be played again. In that way, there was enough music to last all evening, as the same notes were used over and over again. "Nothing like conserving the music supply," explained the Professor. "There's no telling when some one will produce some more good music, so we ought to use what we've got as often as possible."

When Raymond and Lucille, the duplicate children, were introduced to Mr. Ziggle-Zaggle, the latter apologized for his appearance, saying that he really wasn't himself that evening. "I look like a cross between a bee and a hummingbird tonight," he said. "You see, I've been suffering from influnza of the soul for some time, and it settled in my head So I left my regular head at home tonight and am wearing this substitute head. Then, too, I had previously arranged another engagement at the time I received Mrs. Ragatag's invitation, so it was necessary for me to substitute another body for my own in order to come here and that my regular body could be elsewhere. Therefore, I'm really not here at all. I couldn't be better disguised if this were a masquerade ball."

"Isn't it a masquerade?" asked Raymond in surprise.

"Of course not!" replied Mr. Ziggle-Zaggle. "Can't you see that no one is in fancy costume? If all of us were dressed in masquerade suits, we'd be odd things to look at, I tell you."

"But why do your feet extend in both directions, Mr. Wiggle-Waggle?" asked Lucille.

"The name is Ziggle-Zaggle, if you please, miss. My feet are that way so that I can leave without the hostess knowing anything about it. As soon as the stuffing is served, I'm going to back out of the door, and dear Mrs. Ragatag, looking at my feet, will think I am coming in."

The duplicate children had a talk with the Crazyquilt Chief Knight, who had come in all his Crazyquilt armor. "This knight life is killing me," sighed the Chief Knight. "It's simply tear-able. I have to have my patches sewed up three or four times a day. But all Crazyquilt Land is crazy over my skill at jousting. My trusty aid here will vouch for the untruthfulness of my story."

"Certainly I will!" exclaimed the Knight's aid, who stood close by. "And wouldn't you children like a few shreds of Crazyquilt salt to take with the Chief Knight's assertions?"

Raymond and Lucille disregarded the aid's offer of Crazyquilt salt, as they were afraid they could not easily digest anything made of rags.

"Tell us of your wonderful experiences, Chief Knight," pleaded Raymond.

"All right," agreed the Chief Knight. "Only last week, while I stood before a Crazyquilt building which had in some manner become flooded with water and therefore was doomed to ruin by shrinkage and discoloration, I heard a pitiful moaning within. Rushing into the building, I seized a Crazyquilt cat and her four kittens which had already begun to fade because of the soaking they received. I carried them to safety and thus saved forty-five lives. Is that true or not, aid? I forget."

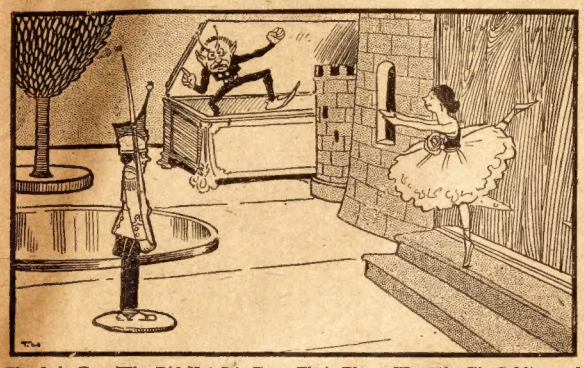
"Your Knightship may rest assured that it is a fabrication made of some of your brightest fabrics," asserted the aid, as he winked at the duplicate children.

"I'll never forget the time I saved Crazyquilt Land from an epidemic of Mispronunciation," resumed the Chief

(Continued on Page 29.)

The Little Tin Soldier

A Story for Children



The Only Two Who Did Not Stir From Their Places Were the Tin Soldier and the Little Dancer.

THIS is a story that is appropriate now when every boy wants to be a soldier, and every girl a Red Cross nurse. You will be sorry as I am that the Tin Soldier and the Dancer came to such a sad end, but after all did they come to an end at all? Why, no! Their story has gone along for many, many years and is just now being told again. I don't believe it will ever end, for there will be children to hear it for many, many years to come. But now to tell it:

There were once upon a time five and twenty Tin Soldiers—all brothers, as they were made out of the same old tin spoon. Each soldier was exactly like the other in shape, except just one, who had been made last when the tin had run short. But there he stood as firmly on his one leg as the others did on two, and he is the one that became famous.

There were many other playthings on the table on which they were set out, but the nicest of all was a pretty little castle made of cardboard. In front of the castle stood some little trees surrounding a tiny mirror which looked like a lake. That was all very pretty, but the most beautiful thing was a little lady who stood in the open doorway. She was cut out of paper, but she had on a dress of the finest muslin, with a scarf of narrow blue ribbon round her shoulders, fastened in the middle with a glittering rose made of gold paper. The little lady was stretching out both her arms, for she was a Dancer, and was lifting up one leg so high in the air that the Tin Soldier couldn't find it anywhere, and thought that she, too, had only one leg.

"That's the wife for me!" he thought, "but she is so grand."

When the night came all the other Tin Soldiers went into their box and the people of the house went to bed. Then the toys began to play at visiting, dancing and fighting. The only two who did not stir from their places were the Tin Soldier and the little Dancer. She remained on tiptoe with both arms outstretched; he stood steadfastly on his one leg, never moving his eyes from her face.

The clock struck 12, and crack! off flew the lid of the snuffbox; but there was no snuff inside, only a little black imp—that was the beauty of it.

"Hullo, Tin Soldier!" said the imp. "Don't look at things that aren't intended for the likes of you!"

But the Tin Soldier took no notice and seemed not to hear.

"Very well, wait till tomorrow!" said the imp.

When it was morning, and the children had got up, the Tin Soldier was put in the window; and whether it was the wind or the little black imp, I don't know, but all at once the window flew open and out fell the little Tin Soldier, head over heels, from the third-story window. He landed on his head, with his leg in the air, his gun being wedged between two paving stones.

Soon it began to drizzle; then the drops came faster and there was a regular downpour. When it was over two little street boys came along.

"Just look!" cried one. "Here is a Tin Soldier! He shall sail up and down in a boat!"

So they made a little boat out of a newspaper, put the Tin Soldier in it and made him sail up and down the gutter. The paper boat tossed up and down and in the middle of the stream it went so quick that the Tin Soldier trembled, but he remained steadfast. All at once the boat passed under a long tunnel that was as dark as his box had been.

"Where can I be coming now?" he wondered. "Oh, dear! This is the black imp's fault. Ah, if only the little lady were sitting beside me in the boat it might be twice as dark for all I should care."

But the current became swifter and stronger. The Tin Soldier could already see daylight where the tunnel ended, but in his ears there sounded a roaring enough to frighten any brave man. Only think! At the end of the tunnel the gutter discharged itself into a great canal; that would be just as dangerous for him as it would be for us to go down a waterfall.

On went the boat, the poor Tin Soldier keeping himself as stiff as he could.

That boat whirled three, four times around, and became filled to the brim with water; it began to sink! The Tin Soldier was standing up to his neck in water. Now the water was over his head. He was thinking of the pretty little Dancer, whose face he should never see again and there sounded in his ears, over and over again:

"Forward, forward, soldier bold!
Death's before thee, grim and cold."

The paper came in two and the soldier fell—but at that moment he was swallowed by a great fish.

Oh, how dark it was inside—even darker than the tunnel! But there the steadfast little Tin Soldier lay full length, shouldering his gun.

Up and down swam the fish, then he made the most dreadful contortions and became suddenly quite still. Then it was as if a flash of lightning had passed thru him; the daylight streamed in, and a voice exclaimed, "Why, here is the little Tin Soldier!" The fish had been caught, taken to market, sold and brought into the kitchen, where the cook had cut it open with a great knife. She took up the soldier between her finger and thumb and carried him into the room where every one wanted to see the hero who had been found inside a fish; but the Tin Soldier was not at all proud. They put him on the table, and—no, but what strange things do happen in this world!—the Tin Soldier was in the same room in which he had been before! He saw the same children and the same toys on the table and there was the same grand castle with the pretty little Dancer. She was still standing on one leg, with the other high in the air; she, too, was steadfast.

All at once one of the little boys took up the Tin Soldier and threw him into the stove, giving no reasons, but doubtless the little black imp in the snuffbox was at the bottom of this, too.

There the Tin Soldier lay, and felt a heat that was truly terrible. He felt that he was melting, but he remained steadfast with his gun at his shoulder. Suddenly a door opened, the draught caught up the little Dancer and off she flew like a sylph to the Tin Soldier in the stove, burst into flames—and that was the end of her! Then the Tin Soldier melted down into a little lump, and when next morning the maid was taking out the ashes she found him in the shape of a heart. There was nothing left of the little Dancer but her gilt rose, burnt as black as a cinder.

CORRECT.

Little Jim, tho he attended Sunday school every week, did not know quite so much about scriptural history as he ought to have known, but when his sister asked him, "Where was Solomon's temple?" he was rather angry that she should think him unable to answer a simple question like that.

"Don't you think I know anything?" he asked.

"Well, where was it, then?" his sister repeated.

And then he informed her: "On the side of his forehead, of course, the same as other folks'! Do you think I am a dunce?"

FLEETFOOT'S GIFT.

MISS ARNOLD, the beloved English teacher at the little mission school in the mountains, was going away, and all the children were planning to give her a farewell present.

Every one of the little Indians had given something toward a gift for her except Fleetfoot, and his heart was heavy. There was no one to give him money for a gift; he was only a lonely orphan Indian boy, working his way thru the school, and no pennies ever came his way that did not have to be turned over to the school for his board money.

Miss Arnold had done more for Fleetfoot than any other teacher; she had taken an interest in the lonely little boy and had patiently helped him to master the strange English words. Fleetfoot was sure that no one would miss her so much as he would.

Early in the gray dawn of the day that she was to leave, Fleetfoot stole out of the school and set out for the woods. He could not bear to have her go without a little remembrance from him, and there was nothing he could give her.

In the cool green woods the birds were just breaking into song, and the little boy stopped to listen. How he loved the noises of the woods! He could shut his eyes and see the peaceful valley where he and his parents had lived before the enemy Indians had come upon them and sent him running for his life to the mission.

Suddenly he stooped and brushed aside some leaves. Clusters of fragrant white wood violets lay at his feet and he picked them eagerly. Soon he had a big bunch, and a sudden smile lighted up his face. His heart was no longer heavy.

"They are so rare," he said aloud; "the very first. I can take them to her."

Faster and faster he ran down the hillside to the valley where the white school building stood. He had been away longer than he supposed, and the pretty young teacher was just driving off when he ran up the path.

"Wait! wait!" he called breathlessly. "I have something for you."

The horses came to a sudden standstill, and he stumbled forward.

"Fleetfoot no have money," he cried, thrusting the flowers into Miss Arnold's hands. "Fleetfoot give these."

All at once the teacher stooped and reaching out took hold of the boy's hand.

"They're beautiful, Fleetfoot," she said, softly, her eyes dim with tears. "They will remind me all the way back to the city that you were grateful for the little I could do to help you."

Fleetfoot stood looking after the carriage with a smile on his face.

"Fleetfoot much glad," he said, softly; then he turned joyfully back to his work.

What Happened in Crazyquilt Land

(Continued From Page 28.)

Knight. "All sorts of improper pronunciation marks and other language evils were harming the daily existence of our inhabitants. So I dashed among the enemy, which consisted of wrong commas, misplaced question marks and other errors. I dashed among them so often that soon they were well separated by dashes—some long dashes, some short dashes—and thus they were more easily disposed of. Isn't that real heroism?" And the Chief Knight punched his sides so that an unusual amount of stuffing was forced into his chest.

"It sure is heroism," agreed Lucille. "But where did you acquire such hatred for Mispronunciation?"

"It is a heritage left to me by my Grammar," replied the Chief Knight, laughing at his own witticism.

"I stand ready to vouch for your dishonesty," spoke up the Chief Knight's aid.

(To Be Concluded.)

SMART BOYS.

The schoolmaster was giving the boys a lecture on thrift and pointed out that even animals exercised that quality, instancing how squirrels stored up nuts for the winter. Then he asked for another illustration of thrift in animals, and one boy called out:

"A dog!"

"A dog! In what way does a dog practice economy?"

"Please sir, when he runs after his tail he makes both ends meet."

The master laughed, and another boy said:

"A bear."

"Well, what does the bear do?"

"He makes one coat last him a lifetime."

Let Them Think.

"We have asked her several times to sing, and she has refused each time."

"If I were you I'd let it go at that. Some of the strangers may go away thinking they've missed something."

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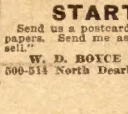

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Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches

ch st—Chain stitch.
si cr—Single crochet.
do cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
do tr cr—Double treble crochet.
p—Picot.
sp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Si cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2nd ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops.

Do cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

P, make 5 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st, from the hook, pull loop thru.

Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts together form 1 gr.

Two Dainty Crocheted Inserts

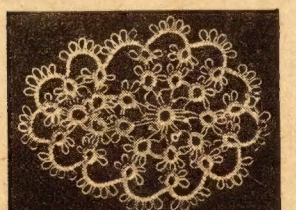
BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

THESE dainty inserts can be used separately and come in very handy in making up little articles, or they can be set together and form elaborate trimmings, doilies, etc. They can be made of any sized thread, according to the use to which they are to be put.

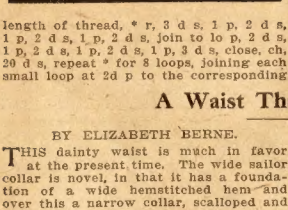
For corners in handkerchiefs, yokes of baby dresses, ends of ties, and all such uses, No. 70 to No. 100 mercerized cotton makes the finest and most appropriate sizes to go with the materials for these articles; No. 50 mercerized cotton for corners in tea napkins, centerpieces, doilies, dresser scarf edges, etc.

No. 10 to No. 30 is for lunch cloths, doilies joined together to form solid doilies or forming a lace edge around the linen centers; for towel and pillow slip edges, and there are many other useful and ornamental articles to be trimmed in these durable and attractive laces.

For the round insert, r, * 2 d s, 1 lo p, repeat * for 8 p, close, leave a p of previous loop; * ch, 5 d s, ** 1 p, 1 d s, repeat ** for 11 p, 5 d s, join between chs of previous row, repeat * for 8 chs, completing insert.



For oblong insert, r, * 2 d s, 1 lo p, repeat * until you have 9 p, close, forming center loop; * leave a length of thread, r, 3 d s, ** 1 lo p, 2 d s, repeat ** until you have 5 p, 3 d s, close; leave same length of thread as before, make 1 d s into lo p of center loop, repeat * for 9 loops, joining 1st p to last p of previous loop, break thread, forming round center of insert. R, 3 d s, 1 lo p, 2 d s, 1 lo p, 2 d s, join to center p of loop of center of insert, ** 2 d s, 1 lo p, repeat * for 4 lo p, 3 d s, close, * r, 3 d s, join to last p of previous loop, ** 2 d s, 1 lo p; repeat ** for 6 p, 3 d s, close, repeat *, joining the 5th p to the center p of next loop of center of insert; close, break thread. * r, 3 d s, 1 lo p, 2 d s, 1 lo p, 2 d s, join center p of loop center of insert, 2 d s, 1 lo p, 2 d s, 1 lo p, 3 d s, close, ch, 4 d s, ** 1 lo p, 2 d s, repeat ** for 5 p, 4 d s, repeat * for 13 loops, completing one insert.



length of thread, * r, 3 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, join to lo p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close, ch, 20 d s, repeat * for 8 loops, joining each small loop at 2d p to the corresponding

A Waist That Will Please

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

THIS dainty waist is much in favor at the present time. The wide sailor collar is novel, in that it has a foundation of a wide hemstitched hem and over this a narrow collar, scalloped and stamped in conventional design of oak leaves and acorns, the two parts hemstitched together along the sides. The design is placed one branch above each scallop at even intervals.

For this work the 6 strand mercerized embroidery cotton is the most satisfactory cotton to use. The leaves are padded heavily and worked in satin stitch; for this use two threads in the needle at once. The stitches are placed straight across, leaving the depression as the center vein. The hoops should be perfect fitting and the work stretched even and straight across, each stitch placed with care and drawn down to even tightness. The acorns are padded and worked solid across at the base, with outlined sides and two French knots thru the center of each. The scallops are padded and worked close together. The entire waist is made and then the hemstitching is done, finishing all the decorative seams.

The ball buttons of crochet are made as follows: Use No. 30 mercerized crochet cotton, start with 5 ch sts, join, forming a circle.

First Row—Make 5 si cr into this circle.

Second Row—* 1 si cr into each of the first 2 sts, 2 si cr into the next st, repeat * for 3 rows, then make 4 rows without increasing, then decrease by omitting one st of every three.

Before closing, fill with cotton, using the end of your hook to pack it tightly; the firmer these buttons are packed the longer they will hold their shape. These can be made over wooden molds, but they must be removed before each washing. This is made easier by sewing the buttons to a tape and sewing the tape to the waist. In this manner the buttons are always properly spaced.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Warm mittens can be made from old ribbed stockings. Cut a pattern from the child's hand, cut out double, stitch and turn.

One reason that some women do not like to sew is because they are continually pricking the first finger of the left hand. A way to avoid this is to place a thimble on that finger. Another is worn, of course, on the usual thimble finger.

A most fascinating little boudoir cap is made in Dutch fashion, with rows of lace edging sewed round and round in big plastrons over the ears and with tiny rosettes of ribbon ranged all areund the edge of the brim. The whole thing is made of net.

The various kinds of guards for the ends of knitting needles are interesting. Funny and quaint are the little wooden soldiers sold for the purpose, "guards" in truth. They slip nicely over the points and prevent their puncturing either one's anatomy or sweater bag.

The Other Man's Wife.

(Continued From Page 18.)

attention on you, and," he shrugged his shoulders, "you know the old adage about there being safety in numbers."

There was a silence, and then Roderick reached out his hand to that of Halifax and clasped it warmly. "Thank you, John—you are right." He frowned darkly. "And as for Fernandez——"

"Leave him to me—he is a coward and a sneak, and I promise you that you will have a written apology from him this time tomorrow." With that the two men parted, the one for the Hotel du Rhine, and the other for his house on the Faubourg St. Honore.

In the days that followed that upon which Roderick, as Halifax had promised, received a written apology from Fernandez, the American, after a long and serious conversation with Joan on the subject, devoted much of his time to Bijou. He had decided that the younger girl was not only a merry companion for his idle hours, but that by being with her he could at the same time see much of Joan without arousing the suspicions of their mutual friends to the point where they felt free to voice those suspicions in the form of malicious gossip. And so it was that as he was thrown with her and grew to know her better, Roderick began to feel a great, brotherly tenderness for Bijou. There was an intangible something about her that touched him, a something which, for want of better word, he called "spirituality," that made him regret the mire of dissipation thru which he had dragged himself. The girl's very naivete was a rebuke to impurity, and when with her the man often felt unworthy and unclean.

As they became friends they fell into the intimate habit of long silences—quiet rides thru the gardens and parks at night, when the stars shone clearly overhead—speechless moments spent skating hand in hand, while the crisp winds stung their cheeks to red and their blood to fire—long walks thru the Jardins des Tuileries, the Pelouses de St. Cloud and Madrid and the Parc de Monceau, when each was buried deep in the solitudes of thought—he in his dreams of Joan, and she in her dreams of him!

They rowed on the Seine, golfed at La Boulie near Versailles, where are the links of the Society of Golfing of Paris, and occasionally Roderick would take

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ber, heavily veiled, into the Latin quarter and into the Montmartre section of Paris where are held the cabarets, Folies-Bergeres, cafe concerts and other unique places of entertainment dear to the heart of Bohemia. Often, too, they went to hear those splendid concerts which are held at the Conservatoire de Musique. In unconsciously using Bijou as a catspaw, so that thru her he might be near Joan without creating gossip, Roderick did not think of the possibility of the girl falling in love with him. So absorbed was he in his meditations about the woman he loved, he did not notice the tremor that ran thru the slight form of Bijou at his touch, nor the quivering of her lip when quite unconsciously his voice took on a tender note as he spoke to her. Nor was it until she herself betrayed her emotions that he guessed the true state of her feelings toward him.

One night, when they had just returned to the La Cour mansion, after dining at the Cafe des Ambassadeurs, Roderick suddenly struck with the dazzling radiance of her beauty, felt a thrill go thru him that had in it nothing of the platonic; and, because he was a man of impulses, he stooped, and gathering Bijou up in his strong arms, kissed her full on the lips. For a breathless moment it seemed to him that her mouth answered the caress of his with warm sweetness.

"Bijou, little comrade, petite chou!" he whispered softly. "My jewel that has blossomed from a bud into a rose—kiss me—kiss me again!"

With a moan she pushed him from her, and tears streamed down her cheeks. "Don't!" she sobbed. "Don't!"

"But why, you adorable child, you—why?" He caught her to him again. This time she did not resist him, but her head sank wearily upon his shoulder, and then, suddenly, as he gazed into her beseeching eyes, he divined the message in them. With a sinking heart he released her, and brought her hand to his lips.

"Little girl—Bijou, forgive me! I am not worthy to touch your hand," he said tenderly. "I have been stupid and blind. Such a heart as yours deserves one equally as pure and good—and, alas, mine is not gold, but dross! Good night—and good-by."

Are you interested? What has occurred up to now will appear tame compared to what follows in the installment to appear in the Ledger next week. This is a story that is different and you will want to follow it to the end. The best way will be to order your copy from the agent now.

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

If you have hesitated to try Classified Advertising for fear your lack of experience in writing advertisements might stand in your way you need delay no longer. Just write a letter to the Classified Dept., W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. State fully what you wish to advertise and the amount of money you can devote to it. Copy will at once be submitted for your approval. Rate 30c a word. Not less than 14 words accepted.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY - - - - Publisher

AGENTS WANTED

I WANT 100 MEN AND WOMEN TO ACT AS my agents and take orders for "Kantleak" raincoats. I and Ell Bridge $88.95 for orders taken during his spare time in one week. Cooper made $314 last month. Wonderful values. A dandy coat for $3.98. Four average orders a day gives you $2,500 a year profit and an automobile free at the end of six months. No delivering or collecting. I'll give you a sample coat and complete outfit for getting orders. Hurry. Write for my liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B 114, Dayton, Ohio.

FORDS START EASY IN COLD WEATHER if you use our new 1918 Carburetor; 34 miles per gallon guarantee; 1-3 more power. Use cheapest gasoline or half kerosene. Quick-ly starts cold motor, even at zero, and moves right off with full power. No spitting or popping. Slow speed on high. Fits exactly. Attach it yourself. 30 off list where no agents. Big profits selling our goods. We fit all motors. Write for 30 day trial offer and money back guarantee. The Air-Friction Carburetor Co., 648 Madison Street, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED—TOLIVER PUNCTURE-Proof Inner Tubes sell easily—our agents make $5.00 to $50.00 a day net profit—no competition. If you wish to establish a business of your own with unlimited possibilities for profit, write us for complete details. Toliver Tube & Tire Co., 135 Toliver Bldg., Denver, Colo.

AGENTS: SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold $15 in four days; profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug by parcel post prepaid $8c. Condon, Importer, Boston, Maine.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISH-ing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $200.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy" factories anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

FREE SAMPLE CASE OFFER. SELL home saving food, household products. Earn $75 to $25 weekly. Enormous profits, repeat orders—steady work. Established 1888. Crofts & Reed Co., Dept. 283, Chicago.

GET DAVIS' 1918 PROSPERITY OFFER. Best in 21 years, our food, soap and toilet goods cut store prices 1-3 to 1-2. Everybody buys to lower living cost. E. M. Davis, Dept. 609, 810 Lake St., Chicago.

AGENTS—A WHIRLWIND SELLER! HAR-per's Fibre Broom and Ten-Use Brush Set combined. Saves broom expense—lightens housework—big profits. Write quick. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

233% PROFIT SELLING JUBILEE SPARK Intensifiers to auto owners, garages. Banishes spark plug trouble. Sells like wildfire. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., Dept. G 2, Omaha, Neb.

PANTS $1.00, SUIT $3.75, MADE TO MEAS-ure. Forever a better offer than this; write and ask for free samples and new styles. Knickerbocker Tailoring Co., Dept. 905, Chicago, Ill.

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START YOUR FORD WITH BEAR MANI-fold Heaters in coldest weather. Price $1.50. Bear Manufacturing Co., Rock Island, Illinois.

AGENTS—EVE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

WE PAY $100 MONTHLY SALARY AND furnish rig and expenses to introduce guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Company, X520, Springfield, Ill.

$36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES AND A Ford auto free to agents introducing poultry remedies; interests you, address Imperial Co., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kans.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR—Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 26 S. Main St. Louis.

MEN WITH FORD TO SELL FAMOUS Sandbo Two Compression Starter. Spins motor complete revolution. Bear Mfg. Co., Rock Island, Ills.

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REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents and store keepers supplied.

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WANTED IMMEDIATELY—MEN TO BE-come chauffeurs. $25 week. Earn while learning. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 809, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

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FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, 8 hours, $140.00. Colored quarters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary, 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

BE A DETECTIVE; TRAVEL; BIG PAY; own boss. Experience unnecessary; write for free particulars. National Detective Institute, 600 Pontiac, St. Louis.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THOR-ough instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

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IF YOU WANT TO MAKE BIG, QUICK profits, investigate this. Oil company with holdings in center of biggest producing area in entire Coastal Oil Belt offers rare opportunity to secure interest on real ground floor basis. Company now drilling on property entirely surrounded by monster gusher wells that came in with initial capacity up to 35,000 barrels a day. Property already producing thousands of barrels a month. Wonderful opportunity for large or small investors; but quick action is positively necessary as present offer is limited. Send for literature; no obligation. Union Trust Company, 530 Carter Bldg., Houston, Texas.

SAVE MONEY, BUY IN CHICAGO, SAVE 20 to 50 percent. Write us what you want and we will get you wholesale price. American Buyers' Association, 1160 Transportation Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

LATEST WYOMING OIL MAP SENT FREE. Small investments making millionaires. Write Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

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DO YOU WANT A FARM WHERE LARGEST profits are made? The South's great variety of crops and wonderfully productive climate make it the most profitable farm section of America. It is the place for the lowest cost meat production and dairy farming. It grows the largest variety of forage crops. Good lands in good localities, as low as $15 to $25 an acre. Let us show you locations that will give the highest profits. M. V. Richards, Commissioner, Room 6, Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C.

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PATENT YOUR IDEAS. BOOKS, "HOW to Obtain a Patent," and "What to Invent," sent free. Send rough sketch for free report regarding patentability. Manufacturers constantly writing us for patents. Patents advertised for sale free. Established 20 years. Address Chandlee & Chandlee, patent attorneys, 499 7th St., Washington, D. C.

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BOYS AND GIRLS EARN MONEY—SELL 20 of our fast selling jewelry novelties at 10c each. You keep $1.00 and send us the other $1.00 and receive a valuable premium. Dale Manufacturing Co., 84 Weybosset St., Providence, R. I.

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NEW 40-LB. FEATHER BEDS, $9.55. A pair 6-lb. pillows to match, $1.45. New, clean, sanitary feathers. Best ticking. Sold on money back guarantee. Write for free catalog. Agents wanted. American Feather & Pillow Co., Desk 106, Nashville, Tenn.

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REAL LIVE BOOKS FOR REAL LIVE PEO-ple. Lists free. J. B. Sheridan Co., 417 E. 151st St., New York.

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OLD FALSE TEETH WANTED—DON'T MAT-ter if broken. We pay up to 15 dollars per set. Also cash for old gold, silver and broken jewelry. Check sent by return mail. Goods held 5 days for sender's approval of our offer. Mazer's Tooth Specialty, 2007 S. 5th St., Phila., Pa.

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WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 1039 Wilson Ave., Suite 106, Chicago.

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12 COMIC POSTCARDS, 10C.; SAMPLES absolutely free. Nolen, 411 S. 11th Ave., Maywood, Ill.

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WRITERS! — STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

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LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Franklin Building, Chicago.

$100 TO $200 PROFIT WEEKLY. COMplete moving picture outfit. Machine, films, etc., furnished on easy payment plan. No experience needed. Free book explains everything. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 1A, 239 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

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PERSONAL

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Joxen Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Send postpaid on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z. R.)

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MARRY, THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO-ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

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MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

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This period design tapestry rocker is exceedingly comfortable, will wear beyond your expectations, and is sold at an exceedingly low price. Armchair to match at same price. Period design furniture has come to stay. It is far more artistic and better looking than ordinary designs. This period rocker will beautify and add to the charm of your parlor to a far greater degree than the ordinary rocker and yet will go well with any kind of furnishings.

In finish and material this rocker will bear the most minute inspection. The frame is of beautifully figured quartered oak in dark brown Jacobean finish—the color best suited to this William and Mary design. The turned front posts, capped back posts, and the center panel with shaped top produce a very pleasing effect. The tapestry covering is of a superior grade and will wear splendidly.

Tapestry furniture is more inviting and gives better wearing service than even the better grades of genuine leather. The colorings in the tapestry covering have been chosen with care. The Autumn tints—brown, blue, taupe, and tan—blend exceedingly well and will not soil readily. The seat is built over a spring support, covered with fluffy cotton and other sanitary upholstering materials, which add to the comfort as well as the wearing qualities.

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A Rocker built like this one will give unusually good service. The arm chair to match is built in identically the same manner and design. If you desire two mighty fine pieces for your parlor, living room, music room, reception hall, or bed room, we urge you to send for these on 30 days' trial. Remember your money will be refunded if you are not thoroughly pleased.

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Because of these conditions this is your opportunity to get this big set of aluminum ware at a Big Bargain Price, a price much lower than it can be purchased elsewhere.

30 Useful Articles—pie pan—2-piece cake pan—2 spoons—seamless-cast skillet—2½ qt. sauce pan—paring knife—strainer ladle—2 more sauce pans—graduated measuring cup—ladle—pan cake turner—6 jelly molds—4-piece combination: roaster, pudding pan, double boiler, preserving kettle, colander, "steamer"—1 pt. dipper—potato masher—6 qt. boiler—nest strainer lid—pepper, salt shakers.

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In the face of high prices I still "sell for less" and I still save you from 20 per cent to 40 per cent on home store prices.

No matter what you need in house-furnishings you will find it here, and you will find it priced lower than elsewhere.

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Thousands of my perfectly satisfied customers can testify that I take all the risks; that you take none.

The Baby Must Be Comfortable

—that's the first consideration, but the mother's comfort must also be considered. To answer the demand for a light, easily handled, comfortable child's vehicle, this sulky is presented to our patrons. It is much easier to handle than the large baby carriages. Its easy riding qualities have made it exceedingly popular with our old patrons.

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Besides giving you hundreds of good ideas on home furnishing, my catalog tells you all about the Spear way of happy home-making. It shows you how easily you can have the things you yearn for without feeling the outlay. It explains the tremendous buying power of this organization, and tells how these advantages—low prices and easy terms—are passed on to the customer. The book also contains a fascinating, wonderful story, "The Love Lamp," which you will enjoy reading.

NATHANIEL SPEAR, President

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$8.95 With Hood

Order No. G115

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Well made with easy riding springs. Body of round cane reed, finished baronial brown, the color that defies wind and weather. Roll back with covered sides. Upholstered seat, and hood covered with brown waterproof cravenette covering mounted on heavily nickeled stretcher. 12-inch wheels, ½-inch tires.

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Write your name and address on the coupon, cut it out, and mail it NOW!

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I would like to know all about the Spear Open Account, Easy Payment Plan for home furnishing. Please send me, free, your complete Bargain Catalog with Prices, Terms, and Information, without the slightest obligation on my part.

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